McKean County Miner.

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INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE WILL REPORT.

On Friday They Will Tell About the Capitol Steal.

SUITS WILL PROBABLY FOLLOW.

No One Will be Shielded—All are United and There Will be No Minority Report—Much Expected From Civil Suits.

A dispatch from Beech Haven, N. J., to the Philadelphia Inquirer, dated Aug. 11, says: After many months of hard work the Capitol Investigating Committee will conclude its labors to-morrow morning. A full report, which will clearly and distinctly point out to the State the graft connected with the furnishing of the handsome building, name the guilty men and recommend the procedure to be taken, both in the matter of civil and criminal suits, has been adopted, and only the petty details remain.

As indicated in The Inquirer, the report will be harmonious. The probers will submit their views as a unit, and there will be no minority paper.

Despite reports of friction, there has been no squabbling at the secret sessions of the commission. All the members agreed to agree and all will stand by the report. Not only will the report be no whitewash, as some parties, with whom the wish has been father to the thought, have intimated, but the statement will urge no compromise.

All that the citizens could expect of the probers will be fulfilled, and the 60,000 word document will deal with the whole question in a manner which should please all but the guilty persons.

There was never any need of compromise, nor has there been any significant desire on the part of the members to play politics. The investigation was never conducted upon a political basis, and no attempt to conceal any portion of the Capitol scandal has been made. The probers, well satisfied with the completeness of their report, are already congratulating themselves upon the thoroughness of their investigation. They are also pleased with the unanimity with which their recommendations have been adopted and are laughing at the reports circulated, evidently with an object, of discord at their meetings.

Only the finishing touches of the lengthy report now remain for consideration of their final session, to be held to-morrow morning. The probers at their late session last evening adopted the entire document, and except a few insignificant questions of phraseology, it could be handed over to Governor Stuart to-day.

As has been outlined in The Inquirer, the probers will call for both criminal and civil suits. Despite all declarations to the contrary, no man will be spared because of any political affiliations or friendships. On the other hand, neither will the report suggest that any innocent man, who may have been careless in the exercise of his duties, but personally honest, be drawn and quartered to please a number of his enemies.

The probers, above all else, will endeavor to be fair and square in their report. They will give the Governor all the information at their command, and will also point out the remedies, as they seem to them.

Some questions have arisen as to when this report will be made public property. This the Governor will have to decide, unless "the leaks," as some of the more talkative probers have been nicknamed, spare him the trouble. It is expected, however, that the contents will be known at an early date, and that Attorney General Todd will proceed to act as soon as the evidence is in his hands.

The bringing of the civil suits to collect some of the money paid out will receive much attention in the report. The probers believe that a tidy sum can be returned to the State from these proceedings, and believe that if these suits meet with the success expected, they alone will show the value of the investigation.

In the matter of criminal proceedings it is understood that a number of men, both principals and subordinates, will be named. Each guilty man will be specifically pointed out, and the Attorney General will be recommended to place him before the bar of justice. The State official will furthermore be furnished with evidence upon which he may act. With a report all but signed, and one which is a unit, with no whitewash or compromise defect, the probers are confident to-night that the public will be satisfied with the results of their long labors.

Senator John S. Fisher, chairman of the Capitol Investigation Committee, to-day made the following statement:

"The report of the commission has been agreed upon. It will now be transcribed and will be presented to the Governor on a date to be fixed by a call of the chairman."

Senator Fisher further said: "This announcement is made in pursuance of a resolution of the commission, which was to the effect, that no information as to the text or contents of the report would be given out by the commission, or any of its members or attaches, until after it has been presented to the Governor, to whom the Legislature directed that the report should be made, and in compliance with the resolution of the commission, providing that proceedings in executive session shall be kept inviolate, this course will be adhered to."

It is expected that the report will reach the Executive Mansion at Harrisburg Friday.

Hubert Reed Injured.

Hubert, the nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Reed, of Clermont, met with a very painful accident at that place Tuesday evening, by being thrown under a lumber wagon and having the wheels pass over his head and shoulders.

A crowd of people were getting ready to go out for a hay ride and the boy climbed on the hayrack to ride around while the pleasure seekers were being gathered up, and somehow fell under the wagon. One wheel passed over his head and shoulders, cutting a deep gash near his left eye, another on the back of his head, and the other side of his head and his shoulders were badly bruised.

The driver of the conveyance did not know of the accident and the plucky little fellow got up and walked home. It was thought at first that his injuries were of a serious nature and Dr. Chadwick was summoned. He dressed the wounds and found that no bones were broken and he suffered no internal injuries so it is expected that the little fellow will soon recover.

Build More Houses.

If there is one thing that retards the growth of Smethport more than another it is the scarcity of houses for rent. Within the next sixty days there will be a demand for at least twenty more houses than can be found and therefore that many families will be residing in some other place instead of Smethport. Such conditions should not exist. Our people should form a company and build a number of houses in order to accommodate the people who will work in the new factories and wish to bring their families with them. It is true that there is not much profit in building nice houses and renting them at ordinary prices, but if double houses were erected for renting purposes there would be a wholesome profit from the investment, even though the price of building materials is higher than ever before.

The business men of town should consider this matter carefully, for it is of vital interest to them. Smethport has reached its limit of growth until more houses are built.

Cut Glass Plant to Start.

The new cut glass plant will start operations next week, although the building is not completed yet. During the past week about forty men employed in the factory before it was located here have moved into town and as they are anxious to go to work and as the managers are equally anxious to get to turning out their product, work will be commenced before the building is completed. They will start with about forty men and as soon as the building is completed and all the machinery in they will be running to its full capacity, which we understand is over one hundred men.

The new engine has not arrived yet and cannot be delivered until late in September so the managers have made arrangements for hiring temporary power. This shows enterprise and we expect to see the Smethport Cut Glass factory one of our leading industries.

Another New Industry.

As we stated a few weeks ago Smethport or rather East Smethport is to have another new industry in the way of a chemical factory. It is to be located on the site of the old Extract Works and work on the buildings will be commenced as soon as materials can be placed on the grounds.

It is expected that the factory will be completed and in running order in about four months. We are reliably informed that this company, of which R. W. Hilton is a large stockholder, has large tracts of timber and the factory will be a permanent industry. The factory proper will employ about twenty men.

It Pays.

There is no better investment than money put into an education. The Clarion State Normal will help make such an investment. Expenses low. Advantages superior. Fall term opens September 10. Write to the Principal, J. George Becht, Clarion, Pa. Send for the new catalogue.

Westbrook Academy Graduates.

They are at a premium again this year; None left on the eligible list. 20th school year will open Sept 3.

Don't forget to stop at Young's store and look over the inducements offered.

The Grand Stand, Bradford Day, Thursday, September 6th, 1906.

McKean County Fair and Races.

SHAKE-UP AT RIDGWAY.

Tramp Had Nitro-Glycerine in Bottle —Seven Were Injured.

A dispatch to the Bradford Era from Ridgway dated Aug. 11, says: A peculiar occurance startled this town early yesterday morning. As a result, six Pennsylvania railroad men are under treatment for lacerations and other injuries caused by exploding nitro-glycerine. A tramp is also badly injured. It was about 2 o'clock when Conductor Pierce, in charge of a freight train, gave notice that a tramp who was asleep on top of a box car would have to be removed. The trainmen went to the place where the vagrant whose slumbering efforts to arouse him were ignored by the tourist for some time. He pretended to be sleeping heavily. When he finally was aroused, a bottle which the trainmen found on him was taken in possession by the conductor. It was supposed to contain whiskey. Conductor Pierce handed it to Engineer Robinson and it was carelessly permitted to fall. No sooner had the bottle struck the car than an explosion occured, severely injuring the railroad men and the tramp and badly damaging the car.

A hurry call for an ambulance was turned in and the men, all more or less cut and mangled, were taken to the hospital. It is expected that the injured ones will all recover.

Following is the list of those who were injured:

William C. Robinson, ankle very badly crushed and amputation was necessary.

Engineer I. J. Snyder, face badly injured.

Conductor A. E. Pierce, both legs badly lacerated and ankle sprained.

Conductor Joseph C. Krebs, injured about the face and head.

Brakeman W. F. Nable, slight cuts about the face and was able to go to Renovo.

Unknown, the man who caused the trouble, being injured about the head, bleeding at the ears, coat blown into shreds and his escape from instant death was miraculous.

The tramp was doubtless a safe-cracker. Several surpicious persons, supposed to have been his pals, are in jail here.

A Peculiar Accident

Margeret, the eleven-months-old child of Mr and Mrs F. M. Spanogle, met with a very peculiar accident at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hafner last Sunday morning.

She was standing up with the aid of a chair, when she lost her balance and fell backwards. The back of her head struck on a large furniture tack which must have been lying point upwards on the floor. The tack penetrated her skull about half an inch and was so firmly imbedded there that Mr. Hafner had to use a hammer to pull it out.

Dr. Hamilton dressed the wound and said that there was little or no danger of any parmanent injury from the wound. She is getting along nicley.

Killed by Lighting.

A Richburg, N. Y., correspondent to this paper says: Last Friday afternoon Charles Hendrix of Bolivar was killed by lightning. Mr. Hendrix was working for Mr. Kenyon on his farm below Bolivar. They went to the field for a load of hay, but had only part of it loaded when a thunderstorm overtook them and they started for the barn but had only gone a short distance when a flash of lightning killed Mr. Hendrix and one of the horses in the team and knocked Mr. Kenyon down, injuring him slightly. The other horse was not hurt. Both men were on the load of hay and Mr. Hendrix had hold of a pitchfork. He was about 70 years old.

Miss Alberta Sturdveither has opened her shampooing and manicuring parlors at her residence. Prices reasonable.

Telegraphers Strike.

A large percentage of the telegraph operators of the Western Union, the Postal and the Associated Press Association in the large cities both east and west have gone out on strike and matters along those lines are pretty generally tied up for the present at least.

Following are the demands made by Commercial Telegraphers. Fifteen per cent increase in wages. Eight hours for day operators and seven and a half hours for night operators. Time and one-half for overtime. Abolitions of "split trick" and other obnoxious features. Right of promotion to be governed by merit, fitness and ability. Additional telegraphers shall be compensated at the rate for established positions of the same class. Lunch and short relief shall be given in the order of application and whenever possible no telegrapher shall be compelled to work more than four and a half consecutive hours without a lunch relief.

Telegraphers temporarily filling positions of higher rating than their own shall be paid the salary of the position temporarily filled.

It is understood that both sides are determined to make a bitter fight and therefore the prospects are that the war will last for some time. The different telegraph companies are making an effort to get men to fill the places of the strikers and are meeting with some success. However, they have not enough as yet to supply the demand and business is considerably hampered. Newspapers are getting very little telegraphic matter and many an up-to-date daily looks more like the ordinary country weekly so far as general news is concerned.

Outside of New York 5,000 telegraphers are on strike in these cities; Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Denver, Colorado Springs, Kansas City, Memphis, New Orleans, Topeka, Los Angeles, Sedalia, Mo.; Pueblo, Colo.; Jackson and Meridian, Miss.; Nashville, Columbus, O.; Galveston, Houston, Beaumont and El Paso, Tex.; Salt Lake City, Birmingham, Ala.; Atlanta and Augusta, Ga.; Sioux City and Council Bluffs, Ia.; Omaha; Knoxville and Jackson, Tenn.; Charlestown, S. C.; Texarkana, Ark.; Fargo, N. D.; Des Moines, Ia.; Toledo, O.; Helena, Mont.; Oklahoma City.

Murderers Captured.

On July 30, 1904, it will be remembered this section of he state was startled by the announcement that Charles Hayes, a paymaster in the employment of the Pariton Coal Mining Co., with mines at Portage, had been shot to death and robbed of $2,700 in money which he was taking to the mines for the purpose of paying the men, and Superintendent Patrick F. Campbell, who was riding in the carrage with Hayes at the time, was wounded by the shots that had been fired from ambush.

Information has just been secured which leads to the arrest of Francesco Inmies and two other Italians, who sailed for Italy two days after the murder and the three will be brought to this country and tried for the crime.—Ex.

Don't Be Faked

Farmers should be on the lookout for fake inspectors who are said by the newspapers of the state to be at work in some sections, pretending to examine live stock, head by head, to asertain if they are in a sound physical condition. All the cattle thus examined are pronounced sound, and then the inspector demands a fee for the entire lot. The men who are engaged in this business are simply frauds, and they should be dealt with as such. They are without license to act in the capacity of live stock inspector, from municipal, county, state or national authorities.

Ice cream and cake 10 cents on Saturday night at Brasted's.

THE FAIR AND RACES.

Will be Much Bigger and Better Than Ever Before.

The McKean County Fair and Races which will be held here on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 17, 18, 19 and 20, will be the greatest ever held in this county. They will overshadow all previous efforts and the person who misses the opportunity of attending this big event will be extremely unlucky.

The premiums on all kinds of live stock, farm produce and other articles have been largely increased—in some cases nearly doubled—from those of previous years, which is certain to make the exhibits much larger than ever before. The stock raisers and farmers are taking more interest in the fair every year, as they realize the benefits derived from it, and are going to make a much better showing this year, partly on this account and partly because it will be held at just the right time.

The racing is certain to be better than ever before for various reasons. In the first place the purses have been increased from $2,400.00 to $3,475.00—the trotting and pacing races being raised from $300 to $400 and running races have been raised to $200 each, which is larger than paid by a large majority of the fairs in this section. Another strong point in favor of good racing is the fact that this year they come the week following the Olean fair and races which is the last stand of the Lake Erie circuit, and is will be very convenient for horse owners to come on to Smethport with their strings for the purses are well worth trying for.

The classes and purses are as follows:

Class	Purse
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 18.	
2.30 pace	$400.00
2.30 trot	$400.00
Running race, ½ mile & repeat	$200.00
THURSDAY, SEPT. 19.	
2.19 trot	$400.00
2.18 pace	$400.00
Running race, ⅝ mile & repeat	$200.00
Gentlemen's road race, home horses No entrance fee	$50.00
FRIDAY, SEPT. 20.	
2.24 pace	$400.00
2.23 trot	$400.00
Running race, ¾ mile & repeat	$200.00
Farmers race, no entrance fee	$25.00

Smethport Milk Test.

Dairy and Food Commissioner James Foust sends us the following:

I take pleasure in enclosing copies of analytical reports covering the milk supply of your city, and analyzed by Prof. Jas. Evans. These samples were purchased by a sworn agent of the Dairy and Food Bureau. In connection with the subject it might be well to explain that the common standard for milk in this State is three and one-half per cent., while that for cream is placed at sixteen.

Milk containing three per cent. and over of butter fat is ordinarily regarded as of normal quality, while cream containing sixteen per cent. is also regarded as being of ordinary quality.

The United States standard for milk is four per cent. butter fat and that for cream is placed at eighteen per cent.

Trusting that you can find space in your valuable paper for the publication of the enclosed reports, which, I think, is due the public and only fair to the dairymen.

The following samples of milk and cream were taken by Agent Billings from dairymen in Smethport, McKean county, Pa., July 17, 1907.

Name of Dairyman	Samples	Butter Fat
J. Hackett	Milk	4.2%
John Hewitt	"	5.0%
E. K. Kane	"	4.0%
"	Cream	30.0%
James Quirk	Milk	8.0%

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Wm. Eaton Wolcott, a member of one of the first five families which settled in this part of McKean county, and who with his father bought and cleared up the farm now occupied by the sawmill and buildings of Smith and Newerf known as the "old Wolcott farm," died in Florida on the 13th of October, 1886. His brother who lived in the west, had gone to Florida and reached the home Eaton, as he was commonly called, just a week before the latter's death.

The wife of Hon. A. M. Benton of Port Allegany, died on Monday, Dec. 6, 1886, after a lingering illness extending over many months. Her remains were taken to Friendship, N. Y., for interment.

Grantier-Heil.—At the residence of Mr. George Bayer, Norwich, by G. M. Smith, Esq., Mr. F. B. Grantier of Norwich, Pa., to Miss Susan Heil of Baltimore, Md.

The four-months-old child of Westley Champlin, of Keating township, died Thursday morning, December 30, 1886, of spinal meningitis. This is the second child that Mr. Champlin has lost from the same disease within the past two years.

Mrs. Lydia Freeman, wife of Seneca Freeman, Esq., died at her home in Emporium, about 8 o'clock p. m., on Friday, December 24, 1886, in the 86th year of her age. She was the daughter of the late David Crow, one of the old residents of this place. Mr. Crow moved from Massachusetts to Shippen township, Cameron county (formerly of McKean county) in 1814. He settled on the property at the mouth of Sinnemahoning Portage, now owned by Seneca Freeman, the husband of the deceased. Lydia was married to Mr. Freeman on the 10th of August, 1818. She was the mother of 11 children, 8 of whom are still living. Her husband still lives at the age of 93, but for years past he has been confined to the house and latterly has become insensible to anything going on around him. About the year 1833 Mr. Crow purchased the property at the lower end of this borough and moved over here, his son-in-law taking the property at the mouth of Portage upon which he has ever since resided. Mrs. Freeman was a devoted mother and a dear friend and her loss, even at her advanced age, will be deeply deplored by a large circle of relatives and friends.

Mrs. Carrie Specht Corwin died at her home in this borough on Thursday December 23, 1886, in the 32nd year of her age. Mrs. Corwin was the daughter of William Specht, Esq., a well known and leading citizen of this place. Her mother died on the 25th of February, 1881, and since then Carrie has had entire charge of her father's household. On the 23rd day of October, 1879, she married Frank B. Corwin of this place. The result of that union was two children—both boys—the youngest being a babe only 10 days old on the day of his mother's death. The decease of Mrs. Corwin was a sad blow to her husband, to her brother, Will F. Specht, Deputy Prothonotary, and especially to her father, to whom she was so great a dependence. Carrie was well known in this community and was beloved by all. She was a devoted wife and mother and an affectionate, loving daughter. The funeral took place at the residence of her father on Mechanic street which has always been her home, on Sunday at 10 a. m. The large house was filled to overflowing with sorrowing friends and neighbors. The services were conducted by Rev. J. H. McCandless of St. Luke's church of which the deceased had been a devoted member for years past. Her remains were interred in Rose Hill cemetery.

Hon. Henry Hamlin opened business in his elegant new bank building on Monday December 27, 1886.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. King are rejoicing over the arrival of a bouncing boy baby at their residence in East Smethport on December 28, 1886.

McCarty.—At the residence of her parents in this borough on Friday, Dec. 31, 1886, of consumption, Julia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jere McCarty in the 17th year of her age.

Protected Home Circle Picnic, Riverhurst Park.

On account of the Protective Home Circle picnic at Riverhurst Park, Thursday, Aug. 22nd, the P., S. & N. R. R. will sell tickets from Smethport at rate of 80c for the round trip. Train leaves 9:20 a. m. Special train returning. For further particulars inquire of agents or address

Chas. H. Hammond, A. G. P. A.
St. Marys, Pa.
Jos. T. Odell, G. P. A.,
Olean, N.Y.

Notice.

Found—By the undersigned, on Main street, in the borough of Smethport a sum of money. The owner may recover the same by properly proving property and paying the charges for this notice.

GUY B. MAYO.

August 14th, 1907.

A Popular School.

Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y., is a school of merit and standing. The school does not employ any road agents. Catalogue free.

The Rescue

By ...

C. AUSTIN JOHNSON.

[Copyright, 19[illegible], by C. Austin Johnson.]

SO you would like to hear how I, a poor sailor, chanced to marry a pretty wife, possessed of thousands and without exception mistress of the finest estate in Santos? Well, come out on the piazza. We have a fine view of the bay there, and I love to listen to the roar of the surf. It reminds me of old times, you know. Light a fresh cigar. You have nothing like them in the states, I can assure you of that. And now for my yarn.

Many years ago I was chief mate on board of a down east brig engaged in the South American trade. The captain was good enough at heart, but he did love a gold dollar so much that the passion of avarice at times warped the better and prevailing instincts of his nature.

I was young, careless and free, without a soul living I could claim as kin, and as happy in my lone state as you can well imagine. I had but little responsibility on my shoulders, the skipper taking entire control, even to details.

We were to the southward of the line, outward bound, and upon the eventful night in question, which was truly an era in my life, I had the first watch. The wind was light and the ocean as calm as though asleep.

We had all our light kites set to woo the gentle breeze, running through the water not over three knots an hour. Absorbed in my own thoughts and reflections, I was leaning idly over the taffrail watching the bubbles and phosphorescent light playing about the restless rudder when a touch on my arm from the man at the wheel brought me to myself.

"What do you call that, sir?" he inquired, pointing over the quarter.

I gazed in the direction pointed out by the man and, to my intense surprise, saw a bright light, not unlike a ball of fire, which threw a lurid, tremulous light across the dark waters.

"It can't be the moon, sir?" said the seaman, with an inquiring look.

"The moon rising in a quarter bearing south southwest? No; that is some craft on fire, as sure as my name is [illegible]. [illegible] I'll rouse out the captain at [illegible]."

In another instant I was [illegible] in [illegible] skipper's state [illegible]

"What [illegible] the matter?" he [illegible]

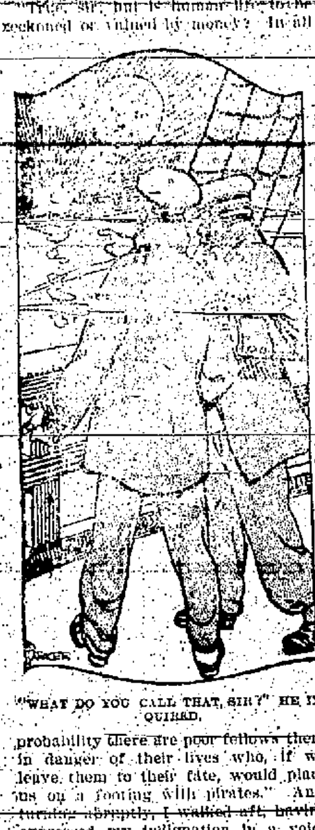
[illegible] a night as I [illegible] Captain Thompson [illegible] of [illegible] you say so, gun down [illegible]

[illegible] in a moment. Don't [illegible] I don't like to run the [illegible] her way [illegible] sleepy skipper [illegible] himself. I regained the deck.

In a few moments the old fellow was by my side.

"It will cost money to take all hands off you craft and feed them till we make a port."

"True, sir, but is human life to be reckoned or valued by money? In all



"WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT, SIR?" HE INQUIRED.

probability there are poor fellows there in danger of their lives who, if we leave them to their fate, would place us on a footing with pirates." And, turning abruptly, I walked aft, having expressed my indignation in a voice tremulous with anger.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Watkins, I would not leave any one to perish. I was only calculating the chances in a commercial point of view. You can hoist the longboat out if you like and take four of the boys for a crew to pull you to her. She will burn down to the water's edge if you wait for us to get there. It is growing calmer all the time, and to tell the truth, Mr. Watkins, I would advise you to bear a hand and get back as soon as possible, for I don't [illegible] the looks of the weather. The [illegible] oppressive [illegible]."

In [illegible] over [illegible] with [illegible] away. [illegible] with a will, we shoved [illegible] the sides of the old brig. I [illegible] the tall, lean form of Captain Thompson peering down upon us for a moment, but the next instant the boat rose on the bosom of a swell, and that was the last I ever saw of my old skipper.

The brig quickly faded from sight, hid by a thin mist of haze which had suddenly arisen, and, in fact, I was conscious of a strange change in the appearance of the weather. The stars had entirely disappeared from the firmament, hid behind the gauzy veil which had so mysteriously arisen, and low down on the horizon I noted a dark bank of clouds. The heat was intense, the stout seamen wiping the perspiration from their streaming brows as they toiled at their oars. Not a breath of air disturbed the glassy waves. All nature appeared to be hushed into a terrible calm.

I must confess I felt rather apprehensive as I glanced about the horizon and looked back in the direction where I knew the old brig must be, rolling and pitching idly on the long swell, which every moment was increasing. But my fears and apprehensions were soon chased from my head by matters of more exciting interest.

As we neared the burning craft I read the name of La Hembrilla in letters of gold on the huge stern. The light cast by the burning spars and rigging aloft afforded ample power for me to form my conclusions.

The ship was a Spaniard. The empty davits and dangling falls told their own story plain enough to a seaman's eye.

The burning wreck had been deserted.

Shooting under the broad, heavy counter, we caught at the iron works of the mizzen channels, and, directing two men to remain in the boat, I clambered on deck, followed by the other two seamen.

The ship had evidently been on fire some time, the flames having full control of the forward portion. The foremast had gone by the board. The top gallant forecastle was a sea of fire. The mainmast was already tottering, and I knew there was no time to lose. The smoke was dense and stifling, but as yet did not affect the extreme after portion of the vessel. The decks were strewn with remnants of provisions, half open cases and articles of clothing, but no trace of a human being could be seen.

Diving down into the main cabin, which was half filled with black twisting smoke, I took a hasty glance about. The rich hangings, appointments and ornamentation surprised me, showing that the unfortunate ship had been designed to carry passengers. The sharp, shooting gleams of writhing flames from aloft penetrated through the broad skylight, tingeing every object with a ruddy glare.

From stateroom to stateroom I hurried, but found them all empty until I came to the after one. There I experienced some difficulty in opening the [illegible] becoming more dense and respiration more difficult. Exerting my strength, the woodwork gave way, revealing a cozy [illegible] of white drapery lying on the stateroom floor. The very sight made my heart beat quick with apprehension, and, stooping, I soon ascertained that it was a woman.

Placing my hand over her heart, I felt it throb, and without further delay I rushed on deck with her in my arms. Through the companionway I staggered, with a strange dizziness in my head, gasping for breath, but still retaining my grasp on her I had saved. The fresh air revived me, and the pain left my head, so that I was enabled to pay proper attention to the woman who lay helpless in my arms.

Then, for the first time, I looked at the face of my burden, and by the bright light of the wreck I discovered she was both young and handsome. At that moment the mainmast went crashing over the side, sinking with a hiss in the black waters. A shower of cinders and sparks, a column of roaring flames, shot on high, followed by the excited shouts of the men, who had leaped, panic stricken, into the boat, urging me to follow.

Clasping the lady with my left arm, I used my right in gliding down the ship's side. The men's oars were poised. I gave the word, and the next instant we were clear of the vessel, which was now wrapped in flames from stem to stern.

Dashing some water into the lady's face, I began to chafe her hands. The treatment, though rough, had the desired effect. She opened her eyes, closed them again as if the awakening was painful, but in a few moments was fully herself. In a few words I told her how she had been saved and assured her that in a short time she would be in safety on board the brig.

In return she told me that her father was the Senor Jose Gonzales of Santos, the wealthiest planter in the country. She had been on a visit to Spain, where her father had a large number of relations, and had taken passage for home in the Spanish ship.

The ill fated vessel, by some means to her unknown, had caught fire during the night. A panic ensued, and, overcome by terror, she fainted away. Probably, in the excitement and alarm which followed, her absence was overlooked, and when the boats shoved off from the ship the Senorita Marie Gonzales was left unconscious in her stateroom to perish.

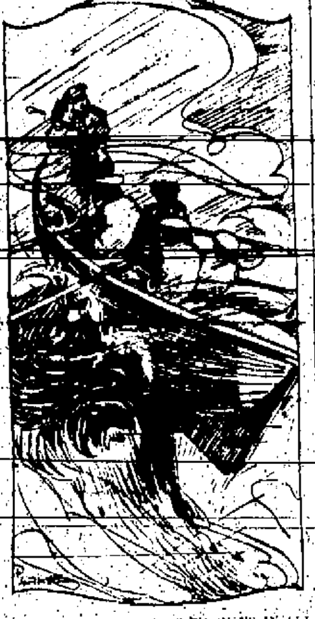
Glancing round the horizon, I could see no sign of the brig. Not the flash of a light betrayed the position of the vessel. But I had a compass with me and noted the course I had steered while pulling for the burning wreck.

It was not the fact of the brig being invisible that caused me uneasiness, but the startling knowledge that a great convulsion of the elements was about to burst upon us.

The dark bank I had at first noticed low down on the horizon had risen rapidly until the entire heavens were obscured. The atmosphere had grown dense, and the darkness was simply intense, relieved only by the now distant [illegible], which occasionally threw out a gleam of light.

A strange, indefinable, rushing sound pervaded the air, a slight ripple ruffled the stagnant waters, a cold breath of air fanned my [illegible], while under the black, frowning clouds I saw a white line rapidly rushing upon us.

Louder and louder grew the sounds. The men gazed at one another aghast. With a wave of my hand I motioned the seamen to pull the boat round so as to bear before it, and the next instant the hurricane burst upon us in all its fury.



THE HURRICANE BURST UPON US IN ALL ITS FURY.

The shriek of the tempest drowned my voice. The oars were dashed from the sailors' hands, while they in terror threw themselves down in the bottom of the boat.

In an agony of terror Marie clung to me, while I with all my strength and skill managed to keep the boat dead before the gale.

On rushed the frail structure through the murky darkness, enveloped in a whirl of foam which half blinded me as the salt spray filled my eyes. The water was torn up by barrelfuls and hurled with cutting force and violence through the air.

Drenched to the skin, with the delicate girl crouching by my side wrapped up in all the spare coats I could muster, I kept watch during the long hours of that eventful night.

How we ever escaped destruction a merciful Providence alone can tell, but with daylight the fierce gale showed signs of abating, and by noon we were sailing upon a summer sea. A rough, temporary sail had been rigged and the boat's head directed toward the land, for, of course, we had given up all hope of seeing the brig, for awhile at least. If we would be saved, we had got to rely upon our own resources. Carefully I dealt out [illegible] of bread and water from the scanty supplies which were in the [illegible] the men to make the precious fluid go as far as possible.

I could enlarge upon the sufferings we endured, tell you about the sultry days which succeeded, how the scorching rays of the sun beat down upon our heads and how the men nobly, generously surrendered their few drops of water to the pale, suffering woman, who never murmured once, though her brain was all but on fire and her tongue parched and swollen in her mouth.

You can imagine my feelings when the last crumb of bread was exhausted and the beaker had been drained dry. Death in its most terrible form, with the attending horrors of hunger and thirst, stared us in the face, and I groaned in anguish as I gazed upon the now inanimate form of the poor girl. She was dying—perhaps dead already—and I stretched myself by her side to meet the fate I was powerless to avert.

Well, we were picked up shortly after by a Brazilian fishing boat, placed aboard a man of war cruising on the coast, and the surgeon soon had us under his care. Strange to say, none of us succumbed to the privations we had undergone, but we all recovered to congratulate one another upon our escape. The Senor Jose Gonzales fairly hugged me in his delight at the escape of his daughter and insisted upon my making his residence my home. The men were rewarded by him beyond their most sanguine hopes, and I—well, I rewarded myself by marrying the fair heiress, and when her father died a few years ago I assumed full control of the estates.

As for the old brig and Captain Thompson, neither was ever seen or heard from after the terrible storm which swept the coast of South America, strewing its shores with the wreck of many a noble craft.

Penalties.

"Wealth has its penalties," said the ready made philosopher.

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "many is the time that I have had to pretend I enjoyed chicken salad and ice cream when I was yearning for corned beef and cabbage."—Washington Star.

Barred.

Baron Alderson once released from his duties a juror who stated that he was deaf in one ear. "You may leave the box," said his lordship, "since it is necessary you should hear both sides."

Blood Medicine.

"The duke's marriage to the American was a bitter pill for his family to swallow."

"That is the way with medicine for impoverished blood."

Literary Item.

"They say very few authors sleep more than seven hours a day."

"But think how much slumber they furnish others."

I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my pink pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a trial Package of them—Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Neuralgia Headache, Toothache, Period pains, etc., are due alone to blood congestion. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by coaxing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Sold by all dealers.

NO NIGHT IN BUFFALO

Time to [illegible] Abolished During Old Home [illegible]eek in Queen City.

AN EVEN[illegible] FOR EVERY HOUR.

Extracts Fro[illegible] a Clever Letter by John Sayles Wh[illegible] Appeared Recently in The Times — Says Everybody Will Be Busy [illegible] Buffalo the First Week in Sept[illegible]

Dear Old-ti[illegible] Buffalonian:

I now take my pen in hand to let you know that your former abiding place, Buffalo, is just now all excitement and animation over what it pleases to call Old Home Week, which will be celebrated here next September.

Naturally enough, in spite of my years, I am warming up for the approaching event. You know as a young man I was always ready for a good time—feasting, parading and skylarking generally. It looks now as if we were going to have all these things that week—with fiddling, dancing and other kinds of torments to boot.

Of course, we expect you to come back home and join us in the celebration. That's why I am writing you this letter. Without you there would be something missing. Your absence from this occasion would be like rubbing it into me with a brick. I promise it's a jolly old lark we'll have together on these long autumn days. I would add nights, but we have arranged to drop the night out of the calendar during Old Home Week. We are going to out-Joshua Joshua and make the sun stand still seven days for [illegible] old Buffalo. We've got all the Niagara power to draw on and we'll illuminate the whole world and the Tonawandas thrown in [illegible].

Buffalo isn't what it was when you left home. You would hardly recognize the old place, but we'll show you what's what and who's who. You remember how we did it six years ago? While you are here we'll take in all the sights. The McKinley Monument will be dedicated some time that week and with that and Labor Day there'll be lively times enough. We expect Grover Cleveland to be with us, too. He hasn't been in Buffalo for years to stop any length of time. Hear me now—if Grover happens down that week we'll raise the temperature sky high in his honor. Talk about your [illegible] Marching Home Again, Hurrah," will be just a [illegible].

We Will All be Busy.

You won't find me loafing around the house much Old Home Week. While the womenfolk are [illegible] in the morning we'll [illegible] the cool of the day and ride about Buffalo's world famous asphalt streets. While we are out we'll take a look at Buffalo's homelike residences, handsome churches, modern school houses and public buildings. We'll ride out to the old Pan-American grounds and see the new Albright Gallery and Historical Building. Guess we'll take the little folk along and let them see the animals at the Zoo. Some morning we'll go out to the Steel Plant and get an idea of that great industrial concern—it beats the world! As we ride along we'll get an idea, too, of Buffalo as a railroad center. Say the lines of railroad that run within our city limits are as numerous as bones in a shad!

Once down town we'll drop in and see the new postoffice. That's a building and a half, and no mistake. Maybe they'll hand us out a letter in the good old-fashioned way, eh? Well, if they don't we'll look up the postmaster or just the same.

While we are looking around we'll run over to the City Hall and shake hands with Mayor Adam. Come to think of it, though, the Mayor is half the seas over. He gets that way about this time every year. But he'll be back from Scotland by September saturated with the spirit of Bobby Burns, fit for the time of his life.

What You May Do.

There will be plenty to keep us going afternoons. We can take a trolley ride to Niagara Falls and go down by the whirlpool and the rapids, or we can take a sail (these fresh water fellers call it a boat ride) over to Crystal Beach. We must go out, certain, and see the champion Buffalos wax some of the ball teams in the Eastern League. I suppose we'll act a little green out there, the rules have changed so since we were young. But we'll show up just the same—we want the boys to know that us old fellows are loyal.

Of course the big time for us will be after sun down. That's when everybody will be jostling and elbowing on the streets. It will be a little crowded, I suppose, but we can get seats in the grand-stand somewhere and watch the floats and bands and marching organizations go by. I can't give you all the particulars now about the evening doings, but they'll be printed as soon as they are given out. I heard a man yesterday when evening doings were talked about, say that he didn't know exactly himself but rather thought that after the whole thing was all over it could be summed up in the language of the Democratic orator, who when asked the question, "What have the Democrats ever done while they were in power?" "Done!" said he, "we've done everything. We paid off the debt. We fought the national bank. We carried on the war with Mexico. We... we"—and there he stammered and faltered, and finally shouted, "We raised hell generally!"

Yes, it will be a great crowd to look at. The stork has been busy since you went away. Beside Ireland, Germany, Poland, Italy, Greece, Maine, Massachusetts and Jerusalem have added materially to our numbers. But we are all good-natured and all good Americans. We don't draw any race, creed or color line in Buffalo. Live and let live is our motto. Some of us 400,000 have little money, but all of us, rich and poor alike, manage to have a good time. And if you come home and all the other ex-Buffalonians come you'll see what three-quarters of a million thoroughbreds can do a-going down the pike.

Be sure to come yourself and bring the rest of the folks with you, otherwise you'll never be forgiven.

I must bring this letter to a close now and will sign myself as I always have, Yours respectfully, just plain

SAYLES.

BIG GUNS AT BUFFALO.

Notabilities to Be Seen and Heard During Old Home Week.

Here is the provisional list of speakers fixed on by the executive committee for Old Home Week: Sunday, September 1st, William J. Bryan; Tuesday, Joseph G. Cannon; Wednesday, Canadian Day, Premier Whitney and Mayor Coatsworth of Toronto; Friday, Buffalo Day, Grover Cleveland and Vice President Fairbanks. Former Buffalonians to be invited to speak are John G. Milburn, Martin Carey, James L. Quackenbush, former Governor Horace Boies of Iowa, John P. Hopkins, former mayor of Chicago, and William F. Sheehan.

The arrangement does not take care of Labor Day, McKinley Day or Children's Day. The Labor Day arrangements are in the hands of the different labor organizations, and they promise to make it a hummer.

Dedication of Monument.

The McKinley monument commission has arranged for the dedication of the monument on September 5th, with Governor Hughes as the principal speaker and a parade of the fourth battalion of the National Guard as a feature.

There will probably be a speaker for Children's Day, selected from among the former Buffalonians. Archbishop Quigley of Chicago may be a speaker at the religious functions of the week. That matter is in the hands of the committee having charge of the religious celebration.

Another celebrity and former Buffalonian who is to be invited is Mark Twain.

SOCIAL SIDE OF IT.

Buffalo Is Prepared to Be Very Hospitable During Old Home Week.

Buffalo will keep open house during Old Home Week. The latchstring will be out and the returned traveler, arrive he day or night, will find a light burning and a hearty welcome back to Buffalo. Nothing sets the pulses tingling and gives new zest to life as the prospect of going home to visit old friends and familiar scenes. Even the fagged out dray horse, when he rounds the turn for home takes on a spurt and needs no further urging of whip and word; the joyful spirit of home-coming gives swiftness to his lagging legs. By making it a week of general home-coming, wandering Buffalonians will have an opportunity of meeting the neighbors' boys and girls, who, like themselves, have returned from far and near to take part in the city's celebration. Friends will meet who have not seen each other since school days.

To help along that spirit of hospitality and good fellowship which Buffalo has always extended in splendid fashion to visitors, and which she will show to even a higher degree to her returned sons and daughters, the various associations are making arrangements to entertain right and left.

The women's associations are also busy preparing for Old Home Week guests. "Come early and come often." is the hospitable invitation which the Ladies' Aid Society of the Working Boys' Home will extend broadcast. Mrs. Thomas Stoddart, president of the society, has appointed a number of committees to serve each day, and it is expected that among the visitors will be boys who resided there while learning trades, and who are now earning a profitable living in distant cities. Many of these young men have postponed their vacation until September in order that they may spend the first week in Buffalo. The building will be handsomely decorated and, in conjunction with that of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union next door, will present an inviting appearance during the city's week of merry-making.

That pretty clubhouse in Johnson's Park, headquarters for the Women Teachers' Association, will keep the kettle boiling from dawn to dusk, and the tinkle of teacups will tell of cozy talks between hostesses and visitors, the latter largely former pupils of their entertainers. Even the busy trained nurse is making preparations to welcome white-capped visitors. The Sisters of Charity, Emergency and Mercy hospitals will be represented on the reception committee that will keep open house at No. 147 Niagara street, the clubhouse of the Buffalo Nurses' Association.—Elizabeth A. Henry, in Catholic Union and Times.

Pineules are for the kidneys and bladder. They bring quick relief to backache, rheumatism, lumbago, tired worn out feeling. They produce natural action of the kidneys in filtering waste matter out of the blood, 30 days' treatement $1.00. Money refunded if Pineules are not satisfactory. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 15, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Fry & Comes have a new advertisement in this issue.

—A large seashore excursion advertisement for the Pennsylvania Railroad appears in this issue.

—A negro of Cuba, N. Y., died from injuries received from falling and striking his head on the pavement. This explodes the old idea that a negro's head is harder than stone.

—The Baptist pastor, Rev. T. D. Ware, will occupy the pulpit next Sunday morning and evening at the Baptist church. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m.

—The Pennsylvania State Normal School of Indiana has sent us a copy of its third annual catalogue which contains much information and is a handsome specimen of the printing art.

—Potter county Republicans have been handed another lemon, and neither Mr. Wendell or Mr. Voorhees will be forced to go on the list of Bank Examiat the measley salary of $3,000.—Austin Autograph.

—Why is it that some men expect an editor to slave in defence of their pet notions and hobbies, advocate their views against the strongest opposition and then coolly withhold the buisness support by which alone a newspaper can live.

—Oscar Whitton, the heaviest stock holder in the Dotterweich Brewing Co., and since the death of his father, the late Thomas Whitton, president of the corporation, has disposed of his entire interest in the business to his mother, Mrs. Eva B. Whitten, the consideration being $42,000.

—Some days ago John Potts of Sawyer City wandered away in the woods from that place and much alarm was felt as to his safety. A reward of $25 was offered for him, and on Saturday Constable Cline located him in this city, walking on the B., R. & P. track. The man carried a loaf of bread, but had evidently eaten very little during his wanderings. He was emaciated and nearly exhausted. He attempted no explanation of his jaunt in the woods. Potts was lacerated about the hands and face by making his way through berry bushes. The man is about 65 years of age. His mind, for some time has been somewhat affected, it is said.—Bradford Era.

Bascom and His Students.

John Bascom, once president of the University of Wisconsin, always had a keen insight into men, and for much of his life college students constituted mankind for him. Once when he was a class officer the names of two men were read by him as absent from morning prayers. One of them, a pietist, stopped at his desk and said:

"Professor, when the chapel bell was ringing I was engaged in prayer and did not hear it."

"You're not excused," responded John, with contempt in his eye and in his voice.

Then, calling back the other man, who was afoot at the door on his way out of the room, he said to him:

"What's your excuse?"

"I haven't any, sir."

"You're excused."

He used to have debates in his classroom. At one of them a student, whom Bascom subsequently described as a "floriating fellow," in the heat of his eloquence said, "I wish that I had the ability and the time to exhaust this subject."

"You have the time," said Bascom.—Harper's Weekly.

As Japanese See It.

It is said the Japanese think our grown women most alarmingly overgrown, very shocking in their costume and quite dreadful as regards their teeth and their feet—in a word, outrageous. They consider the kimono preferable to western habiliments because it so completely obliterates the lines of the figure. They teach girls to talk with their lips almost closed, concealing the teeth, and to walk with the feet parallel in tiny steps or even toeing in.—Kansas City Journal.

The Latest Hour.

"What time is it, my lad?" asked a traveler of a small boy who was driving a couple of cows home from the fields.

"Almost 12 o'clock, sir," replied the boy.

"I thought it was more."

"It's never any more here," returned the lad, in surprise. "It just begins at 1 again."—Lustige Blatter.

Moved the Audience.

"Did you notice how I moved the audience last night?" asked the amateur elocutionist.

"Moved isn't the proper name for it," rejoined his critical friend. "It was little short of a stampede."

Summer coughs and colds yield at once to Bees Laxative Cough syrup. Contains honey and tar but no opiates. Children like it. Pleasant to take. Its laxative qualities recommend it to mothers. Hoarseness, coughs, croup yield quickly. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Absentminded.

She was an exceedingly dainty little woman, who was taking a very great interest in the welfare of the convicts when she was being shown through the penitentiary the other day. Guard O'Brien was along when she happened to speak to one of the prisoners. "I am so sorry for you," she remarked in a tender tone of voice. "Of course you will be very thankful when the time comes for you to leave this dreadful place."

"No," retorted the man. "I'd a sight rather stay here where I am." The little woman almost collapsed.

"Isn't it strange?" she asked, turning to the guard. "I had no idea the prisoners were so contented. What was the poor fellow's offense?"

The guard concealed a covert grin. "He was just a little absentminded, that was all," followed the grin.

"Absentminded!" exclaimed his astonished interrogator.

"Yes, madam," politely replied O'Brien. "He persisted in forgetting he was married, and now when his time is up he has five wives awaiting him on the outside."

The woman could not deny that the convict had sufficient reasons to be contented with his present lot.—Columbus Dispatch.

How Will the World End?

It has always been an intensely interesting conjecture to scientists and, at the same time, the greater part of the other intelligent members of society as to the way in which our world will at length come to an end. Many think that it will be through the gradual cooling of the sun, which will eventually fail to give out sufficient heat to sustain life on our planet. But another—and a particularly unpleasant—fate that might befall us is explained in a work by Mr. Ellard Gore. "Real danger," says he, "is always to be feared from the presence of immense dark bodies, moving unseen in space, vast dead suns, whose collision with our own would increase its heat enormously and thus instantly destroy the earth."—We should not, however, be without a warning of our terrible end, for on entering a radius of 15,000,000,000 miles from the sun the advancing body would begin to shine with reflected light, and fifteen years would elapse between the time of the destroyer's being sighted and its collision with the sun.

Glass Cutting.

The layman who is introduced to the mysteries of cutting glass for the first time is amazed at the amount of work that the workman does entirely by his eye. The first stage of the bowl which is to be cut finds it in a perfectly plain condition, not a scratch upon it and only a half-dozen or more marks in red chalk, which mean absolutely nothing to the unpracticed eye. But to the workman they mean the whole pattern. Perhaps the dish is a salad bowl. The marks in chalk will run from the edge, five intervals apart, down to the center of the bowl at the bottom. In one of the divisions of the bowl thus marked there may be a little further marking in the shape perhaps of a diamond. This indicates the pattern into which the bowl is to be cut, and it will be repeated in each of the five divisions. All the intricacies of the design the workman has in his head, and they develop on the glass in a way which seems to the looker on absolutely marvelous.—New York Times.

Faithful to the End.

The flames crackled ominously, the water bubbled in the great pot, and seated in the shade of a palm the naked savages began to sharpen their cruel knives.

"Is there no hope?" murmured the doomed commercial traveler.

"None," hissed the ebon chief.

"Then," said the young man, pointing to his sample case, "if you are determined to eat me, at least let me ask you, as a last favor, to try our brand of mustard with the feast. I am convinced that one trial will secure us your permanent patronage, and I"—

But strong arms seized him here; there was a splash, and all was over.—Los Angeles Times.

Sensible Preference.

In one of Miss Mulock's stories she says that "a cheerful heart seeth cheerful things" and gives this incident in proof of it:

A lady and gentleman were in a lumber yard situated by a dirty, foul smelling river. The lady said, "How good the pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell that foul river!"

"No, thank you," was the reply; "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

No Reform Wanted.

"I hope he'll reform when you are married."

"I don't!"

"Why, he spends every cent he earns!"

"I know it, but he spends it on me."—Houston Post.

Caustic Criticism.

Sculptor (to his friend)—Well, what do you think of my bust? Fine piece of marble, isn't it? Friend—Magnificent. What a pity to have made a bust of it. It would have made a lovely mantelpiece.—Bon Vivant.

She Was On.

The Doctor—You understand, don't you, that this is only to be used externally? The Patient's Wife—Sure, sir, I allus makes him get out o' bed to drink it.—Harper's Weekly.

Face to Face With Work.

"Darling, if you refuse me, I don't know what I am to do."

"Well, I'm not to blame for that; you should have learned a trade."—Pick-Me-Up.

Soft.

Cholly—I wish that I could find something to absorb my mind. Molly—Have you thought of trying blotting paper?

Among all the fine arts, one of the finest is that of painting the cheeks with health.—Ruskin.

Smart Boy Wins.

The visitor was examining the class of small boys. He held the chalk in midair.

"What number shall I draw on the board?" he asked of one boy.

The boy replied, "Thirty-two."

The visitor drew the numbers backward, which made twenty-three.

"Is that right?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," answered the boy in a timid way.

"What number shall I take now?" he asked of another.

The boy answered. "Sixty-two," whereupon the visitor drew the number backward, as before—twenty-six.

"Is that right?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

A long way back a bright eyed boy held up a wavering hand.

"What number shall I draw for you?" asked the visitor.

The boy called out, "Forty-four!" Then, when the visitor had drawn it, he yelled out, "Now, if you are so blamed smart, twist that around!"—New York Globe.

A Financial Embarrassment.

A lady who had a kindly remembrance for all her domestic servants met an erstwhile washerwoman and stopped to ask her how she fared.

"Oh, mem, it's turrible financial distress me an the childer's in!"

"Why, what is it? Are you out of employment?"

"No, mem. Work's in a fair state o' steadiness and not a cint do I owe, but it's lashins o' trouble I've got!"

"Are you not paid promptly?"

"As promptly as the day comes round."

"What is your financial distress, then?"

"Well, mem," (in a burst of horror), "what's killin' me is, I earn $6 the week an' pay $8 for me boord, an' God only knows how I do it!"—Short Stories.

So Many?

They went in to dinner together. He was very bashful, and she tried in vain to draw him out. Finally she began to talk books, and he became responsive. "And Hugo," she asked, "do you like his style?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I find him intensely interesting. I've read a number of his books."

Then she asked, "Have you read 'Ninety-Three'?"

"No, I've—er—only read three. I didn't know he had written so many."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Racing at Ascot.

Racing at Ascot dates back a great number of years, and it is recorded that Queen Anne was the first royal personage to patronize the fixture, in 1711. The first and second Georges were not great patrons of the turf, but they bred race horses on a large scale in order to encourage their subjects, and George III. gave a plate of 100 guineas to be competed for. Ever since those times the great annual festival on the famous Berkshire heath has met with royal favor.

Study of Man.

The only school for the study of human nature is the world. The only text books are the works of men like Shakespeare, Hugo, Cervantes, Sterne and other students who learned in that school. But the effectual study of human nature demands from the student a vast fund of love and sympathy. You will never get admitted into the heart of a fellow creature unless you go as a friend.—Robert Blatchford in Clarion.

Finance.

The agreeable visitor, says Judge, smiled upon the son of the house and said:

"Willie, if you recite that poem your mother taught you I'll give you a penny."

"Not likely! I can get a nickel anywhere for not reciting it," Willie replied.

Looked Suspicious.

"Somehow I'm leary of Tompkins."

"Why so?"

"He's so polite."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I'm always afraid he's stringing me."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Demonstration.

Grace—And did you ever propose to a girl in a canoe?

Fred—Yes, and I'll never do it again. The girl jumped at my proposal and upset the boat.—Harper's Weekly.

All the Difference.

"Society dropped the De Lacys because they had a skeleton in their closet, I understand?"

"No—because they didn't keep it there."—Cleveland Leader.

Have a care of whom you talk, to whom and of what and where.—Horace.

When your Watch Stops

You cannot make it go by shaking it.

When the bowels are constipated you can disturb them with cathartics but, like the watch, they will not be able to do their allotted work until they are put into proper condition to do it.

One cannot mend a delicate piece of mechanism by violent methods, and no machine made by man is as fine as the human body.

The use of pills, salts, castor-oil and strong cathartic medicines is the violent method. The use of the herb tonic laxative,

Lane's Family Medicine

is the method adopted by intelligent people.

Headache, backache, indigestion, constipation, skin diseases—all are benefited immediately by the use of this medicine.

Druggists sell it at 25c. and 50c.

One of Them.

A foreign tourist who had received permission to visit one of our large asylums for the insane was surprised at the neatness, quietude and good order that prevailed within the institution. He asked if it was always like that, and the polite attendant who was showing him through the buildings said it was.

"We have what we call our violent wards, of course, but I presume you would not care to see these."

"I think not."

"It is just as well, perhaps. They are rather noisy, although, of course, we exercise the same care in providing for the welfare of the inmates that you see in this part of the institution. We also have a section where we keep the incurables."

"These inmates, then, are considered curable."

"Their cases are at least hopeful."

"I am greatly interested," said the visitor, "but I will not take up any more of your time. You have other duties to attend to, have you not?"

"Yes, sir. This is merely one of my recreations. In one of the rooms in the main building I am engaged during most of the time in pursuing what may be called my life work."

"Your life work? May I ask what that is?"

"Haven't you heard?" said the attendant, in a tone of astonishment. "I am compiling an index to Webster's dictionary."—Youth's Companion.

For Shakespeare's Sake.

There is something remarkably attractive for an actress in the rolling cadences of the Bard of Avon, and I do not wonder that so many players dream of playing his work. I think it was in Los Angeles some years ago that a young actor who was then becoming popular decided that the time was ripe for him to do Hamlet. What his mental process was in arriving at this decision I have of course no means of knowing, but an apocryphal anecdote was told of him the morning after his first appearance as the melancholy Dane. It seems a friend approached him and said:

"How do you feel this morning?"

"I have failed to get my whole meaning into the character. I shall never play Hamlet again," was the reply.

"Oh, but you must play the part once again," remonstrated the friend.

"And why?" asked the young actor despondently.

"Shakespeare turned over in his coffin last night. You will have to do it once again, for you can't leave the poor chap in that position," said the friend.—Eleanor Robson in Bohemian.

Wanted Permanent Employment.

Old Sam had been for several days patiently sitting on the bank of the Rappahannock river near the dam holding his shotgun in his hand.

Finally he attracted the attention of a passerby, who asked, "Well, Uncle Sam, are you looking for something to do?"

"No, sah," answered Sam; "I's gets paid fo' what I's doin'."

"Indeed!" answered the stranger. "And what may that be?"

"Shootin' de muskrats dat am underminin' de dam," answered Sam.

"Well, there goes one now!" exclaimed the stranger excitedly. "Why don't you shoot?"

"S'pose I wants to lose my job, sah?" answered Sam complacently.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Be Prepared.

In every avenue of life great opportunities are constantly confronting us. Who are ready for them? Who will fill the positions? It is the prepared men, those who are equal to the places, who generally get them.—Success.

Physical Culture.

Police Surgeon (to would be cop)—How is it, my man, that your right arm is developed out of all proportion to the rest of you? Italian Applicant—Grinda da org', shina da fruit, roosta da peanut.—Puck.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, knock and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure.

If it's painful periods with women, same cause.

If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Bruise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO.

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House,
35c

Emperor and Puritan
50c

Penns'l Cafe, Sensation and Canister,
30c

Black Coffee
10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You.

Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, August 15, 1907

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

George W. Delamater, a former candidate for Governor, who was defeated by Robert E. Pattison, committed suicide in Pittsburg on Wednesday of last week. No cause is known for his rash act.

McKean county Republicans seem to be united for the election of John O. Sheatz for State Treasurer and that he will get an unusually large majority this fall is the prediction of his friends, of which he has many in all factions.

The Democratic papers have been trying to make campaign capital by saying that the Capitol investigation would not amount to anything, but from present indications it will amount to a great deal more than some of the guilty ones wish it would.

The managers of the telegraph companies are giving out that they have all the operators they need, and that the strike will not seriously affect their business, but at the same time they refuse to accept messages except with the understanding that they will not be responsible for delays.

The sultan of Morocco, through Ben Sliman, the Moroccan foreign minister, has transmitted to the French consul at Fez an expression of the deep regret with which he learned that the assassination of the Europeans at Casablanca, say and that no one more than he condemned the act which cost five French lives. The sultan added that he was ready to accord any satisfaction demanded, notably the dismissal of the pasha of Casablanca and the punishment of the guilty persons.

The Democrats don't seem to be very successful in getting a candidate to oppose Hon. A. F. Bannon for county treasurer, and thereby the Democrats show pretty good sense. When they nominated R. W. Hilton for that position they named the strongest and most popular Democrat in McKean county and the only one who had any chance of winning, but he did not consider the game worth the candle and therefore it is not very encouraging for others to take a try at it. Mr. Bannon has hosts of friends throughout the county who will see that he is elected by a good, big majority, regardless of the opposition, for he is both popular and deserving of this office.

Commenting on the method which prevails in this state of enacting laws that go into effect before the public is informed of the provisions of the laws, except the information which newspapers may give, the Chambersburg Daily Notes says: "The state of Pennsylvania should enact no more laws until it makes provisions for publishing all acts within a short time after they have been approved by the governor and before they become effective. This thing of the people being obliged to obey a body of laws they do not know exists is as nearly an outrage as anything one can well imagine. The wonder is that a free and intelligent people should submit to it."

In speaking of the fine imposed on the Standard Oil Company by Judge Landis the Philadelphia Press says: In the presence of this heavy fine, at last inflicted after thirty years of public denunciation since the first of these iniquitous contracts was published in this state and left unpunished, it is well to remember that by practices and rebates like these the producer has been robbed of his due, the railroad of its profits and the consumer of his claims to a fair price. No peace can come save the justice. No property can be safe save under these laws. The one object of the law under which this fine is levied is to secure justice and the protection of equal rights in transportation. Heavy as is the fine, it is none too great if the courts decide—and two more have yet to pass upon it—that it is both lawful and deserved.

Arthur G. Dewalt, one of the Democratic leaders in the State Senate and a member of the investigating commission says: The results of the investigation by the Capitol commission are so farreaching that at this time it is impossible to accurately define the ultimate effect. One purpose at least has been definitely accomplished. Notice has been given to all public officials and State contractors of the past and future that their methods and work will not pass unchallenged and unscrutinized. This also has been established—that no man, however exalted his official position and no men however powerful their combination, can escape just censure when honest and fearless investigators probe their transactions. The disclosures are a state scandal, but it is greatly to the credit of Pennsylvania that the Legislature, through its commission, was brave enough and honest enough to meet the issue and regardless of whom it may involve fully disclose the facts. When the report is published, as it no doubt will be, it will be found that the attorneys of the commissioners themselves have treated the proposition from a business and a legal standpoint and that every doubt has been resolved in favor of the accused and that the findings are such as must meet the approval of all right-minded men.

Resolution Adopted by the Advisory Board of the Department of Health of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, July 25, 1907.

Resolved: That in the opinion of the Advisory Board and the Commissioner of Health a person who has had the operation for vaccination faithfully performed three times, at intervals of two successive weeks, without success is for the time being immune from smallpox, and, further, that under the present law persons who have a written certificate from a reputable physician that two such attempts to vaccinate were faithfully performed and a second certificate from a physician of the State Department of Health, or of a Board or Bureau of Health or Sanitary Committee of a City or Borough may be admitted to school for one year without violating the spirit of the law, the object of which is simply to prevent the spread of smallpox.

Rev. Hugh Black at Chautauqua, N.Y.

The preacher for the last four days at Chautauqua, New York, August 18 to 22, is the Rev. Hugh Black, formerly of Edinburgh, and now of Union Theological Seminary in New York City. Dr. Black as a pastor in Scotland, preached to large audiences in a fashion which was both scholarly and popular. Since undertaking his work in this country as formal educator he has continued his lecture work and has appeared constantly before school and college audiences, a trip this spring for instance taking him among other places to Universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, Chicago. Dr. Black will preach the sermon of Sunday, August 18, and conduct the devotional hours of the four succeeding days on the general subject of "The Religious Experiences."

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 10, 1907.

Bailey Lewis (2), Barnes Daniel, Johnson W. H., Thomas Mrs. Jallie.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Sunday Excursion Via P. S. & N. R.R. To St. Marys, Pa.

On Sunday, Aug. 18th the P. S. & N. R. R. will run a special excursion from Wayland and intermediate points to St. Marys. Train leaves Smethport 11:30. Round trip rate 75 cents. Proportionately low rates from intermediate points. For further particulars see small bills, inquire of Agents or address:

C. H. HAMMOND, A. G. F. A.,
JOS. T. ODELL, G. P. A., Olean, N. Y.
St. Marys, Pa.

Notice.

Sealed bids or proposals for 22,050 square yards of paving in the borough of Smethport, county of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, will be received by the town clerk of said borough, at the Borough Council Rooms, until 5 o'clock p. m., on Thursday, August 29th, 1907. Plans and specifications may be obtained from the town clerk at any time prior to said date.

W. G. HOLDER, Clerk.
Smethport, Aug. 7, 1907.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

This college has recently taken a new place among the colleges of the country. Within five years, six new buildings have been erected, new professors added and entering classes nearly doubled. Good traditions, strong faculty, superb location, beautiful grounds and buildings, reasonable expenses. Fall term opens September 17th. Write for catalogue to *President Crawford, Meadville, Pa.*

Raise Mules and Get Rich.

My large Spanish Jack, Pedro, will stand the balance of the season at Coryville and vicinity.

JOHN CONNERS,
Shingle House.

Place your order for all kinds of fancy ice cream in bricks, moulds or bulk at *Brasted's.* Delivery on short notice.

Young's bargain sale is still on.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

Lock Haven, Pa.
J. R. Flickinger, Prin.

Fall Term Begins September 9, 1907.

If you are interested in securing the best possible training for teaching or for Business or desire to fit for college, or are seeking and excellent course in Music, Elocution or Art, it would be to your advantage to patronize this reputable and thoroughly established institution. Its policy is to train not only the intellectual faculties but to develop character and to fit for life's duties. Address for illustrated catalog,

The Principal.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of James Landrigan, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of James Landrigan, late of the township of Annin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

O. D. UNDERWOOD, Administrator.
Coryville, Penna., August 15th, 1907.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

VACATION EXCURSIONS

$10 from SMETHPORT to

Atlantic City

Cape May

Wildwood, Sea Isle City or Ocean City

New Jersey

AUGUST 16 and 26, 1907

Tickets good going on all regular trains on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER OF 10 DAYS AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent, or on return trip, without deposit, within limit. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

Selling out

Of Oxfords for this Summer, and in order to do it we are quoting the following prices on the best shoes made:

White Canvas	at big reductions
Men's Hannan and Nettleton $5 and $5.50	at $3.95
Men's other makes, $4 and $3.50	at $2.95
Women's $4 oxfords	at $2.95
Women's $3.50 "	at $2.65
Women's $3 "	at $2.35

These are in all styles and leathers. It will pay you to buy.

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

Send for the New Catalogue of the STATE NORMAL SCHOOL at Indiana

—it is the most elaborate ever issued by a normal school and completely describes the splendid equipment and facilities of this institution.

Address
DR. JAMES E. AMENT
INDIANA, PA.

L. K. Hogarth

Drugs and Medicines Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Stationery, Playing Cards, Fine Confectionery, Cut Glass, Hand Painted China, Leather and Rubber Goods at

L. K. Hogarth's,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT

HUN-E-LAX

THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED BOWEL BON BON

People who take Hun-E-Lax are laying a foundation for health and strength, sound nerves and a clear head. Get a 10c box (the vest-pocket size) to-day and try it. IT PAYS. Hun-E-Lax is a little bee-hive shaped bowel bon-bon, moves the bowels gently, cures biliousness, sour stomach. Wards off indigestion and dyspepsia. Tones the Liver. An occasional one [illegible] Druggists.

WIGGS LAXATIVE COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Photo Fancies

For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main, where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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Sane's
57 MAIN ST.
BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493.

Special Bargain Sale.

We are now offering all Millinery, Shirt Waists, Shirt Waist Suits and Separate Skirts at genuine bargains. Don't fail to see them.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Did you know that I keep all kinds of PACKING for

Autos,
Gas, Steam and Gasoline Engines,
Pumps, Etc.?

My line of

Rubber,
Candle Wicks,
Asbestos,
Asbestos Rope,
Wire Woven and all leather packings is complete.

Don't Forget.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. [illegible] Smethport

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

I hereby certify that I am still determined to go out of the mercantile business. I shall therefore buy no more goods, but will continue to offer unheard of bargains from the remaining stock, which contains a good and useful assortment, and all for little money.

Respectfully,

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's WILL FILL YOUR ORDER FOR ALL KINDS OF FANCY ICE CREAM IN BRICKS, MOULDS OR BULK ON SHORT NOTICE.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE,

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of,

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

THE LINDHOLM CO.
SMETHPORT, PA.

AUG. 9 --- AUG. 16

For one Week We will say

GOOD-BYE

TO THE SUMMER GOODS, MULL, DIMITIY, LAWN and BATISTE.

They have to go and price will be no drawback.

Every piece must clear out now for we must use the room they occupy for fall goods.

Good-Bye also to the Shirt Waists. Not many left but they must go--all go at some price.

They are in lots marked at a small percentage of real value, so Good-Bye to them now.

Good-Bye to the Wash Belts, White Hosiery, Summer neckwear, Embroidery, Laces.

And the same to all small lots of Lace Curtains, Ruffled Curtains, Muslin Curtains. All must go.

HOW?

The price will be marked to such an extremely law point that they will go as by magic.

Come and see some of the offerings and they will interest you.

The Lindholm Co.

Do Your Buildings Need Roofing?

If they do Why Not Try SHEDRAIN?

ADVANTAGES OF SHEDRAIN ROOFING.

Will not melt—Result no tar stained buildings. Will not rot, tear or dry out. Fire resisting. Will not shrink or crack. Climate changes do not effect it. Requires no painting when applied. Absolutely water proof.

Shedrain is tasteless and odorless. Will not contaminate rainwater. Made of the best and strongest wool and felt and any workman can put it on.

For sale by

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, August 15, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Alex Cunningham is having his house painted.

—McKean County Fair and Races Sept. 17, 18, 19 and 20.

—Sidney Burdick has been secured as organist at the Baptist church.

—Smethport was well represented at the N. P. L. picnic at Riverhurst.

—The Bradford Races are on this week and many Smethport people find business in that city.

—The firm of L. Emery, Jr., & Co. will in the future be known as the Emery Hardware Co.

—Stop a minute or two and acquaint yourself with the extraordinary values in Boys' Suits which Monheimer offers in his ad on this page.

—Last week copy for some locals and personals was mislaid and therefore these items which we had been requested to publish did not appear.

—The increased state appropriation makes the Edinboro Normal attractive to prospective teachers. School opens Sept. 10th. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—The Borough of Port Allegany has decided to bear about 30 per cent. of the cost of building stone or cement sidewalks in that place, the property owners to pay the rest.

—The Smethport Land and Improvement Company held a meeting Tuesday night, and among other things they decided to build a cement sidewalk in front of their houses on Willow street.

—The Kane baseball association is to be sued for the $250 forfeit money which is the penalty for quitting the Interstate League.

—An Italian society held a celebration in Bradford and Lewis Run last Saturday. It was a very orderly gathering and all had a good time.

—St. Agnes Guild of St. Luke's church will give the fairy cantata "Boo-peep" at the parish house, Wednesday, Aug. 21, at 8 o'clock. Admission 10 cents.

—The editor's desk was brightened Wednesday morning by a beautiful bonquet sent us by Mrs. J. C. Hall, and we wish to extend this estimable lady our thanks.

—It is rumored that several wealthy men of Olean, contemplate organizing a company with a captilization of $50,000, for the purpose of starting a morning paper in that city.

—The Smethport Water Company requests its patrons to use the water sparingly until we have rain. The reservoir is not dangerously low as yet, but unless we get rain soon water will be scarce.

—We are pleased to note the splendid developement of the Lock Haven State Normal School. Last year was the most prosperous in its history. It is patronized by young people from every section of Pennsylvania. The fall term begins September 9th. You will be interested in its illustrated catalog.

—Lewis Emery, Jr., of Bradford, through his attorney, E. Lowry Humes, to-day brought suit in Crawford county for $25,000 damages against the Titusville Herald for alleged libel during his late campaign for Governor. The allegations are similar to those in several similar suits brought earlier by Emory

—Mrs. Margaret Barker of Smethport, who has been a patient at the Bradford Hospital during the past seven weeks, is slowly improving in health and expects soon to return to her home. —Bradford Era.

—Last Saturday the Bradford Star gave an outing at Rock City to the children of the Beacon Light Mission and the news boys of that city. The function was largely attended and the little people had a delightful time.

—The Bradford Councils still refuse to confirm the appointment made by Mayor Winger of Bert McAllister as chief of the fire department and also refuse to pay for necessaries bought by him for the use of the department.

—Some of our county officials use a bit of witty sarcasm occasionally. The other day a Port Allegany man called up one of them and said "we have a crazy man over here we want you to come and get" and the response was "Which one?"

—Judge A. G. Olmsted, has purchased another automobile. The new machine is a 50 horse power Thomas Flyer, one of the best machines on the market. The machine cost $1,500 and is capable of running at the rate of a mile a minute. —Coudersport Democrat.

—A new roof is being put on the Brownell Store. We have been informed that Mr. Brownell intends having the building let down to the level of the sidewalk and a new front put in this fall. If this is done it will give Andrews & Seull, the present proprietors, one of the best stores in town.

—Almost forty countys in addition to several foreign states were represented in the student body of the Lock Haven State Normal School last year. This is the best evidence that the patronage of this important school is widely distributed. The fall term begins September 9th. See its beautiful catalog.

—The accident to Paul Cramsie which was mentioned briefly last week, was not as serious as reported, although he had one leg taken off just above the ankle. It was reported here last Friday that he had died at the Olean Hospital from his injuries, but instead his friends will be pleased to learn that he is getting along nicely and will soon be able to be out on crutches.

—Only the general officers were elected at the meeting of the W. C. T. U. August 7. These are: President, Mrs. Martha Chadwick; first vice president, Mrs. Bufton; second vice president, Mrs. Freeman; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. M. E. Richmond. Superintendent will be appointed at the next meeting, Aug. 21, at 3 o'clock in the M. E. chapel. All are requested to be present.

—The Van Amburg Circus gave two performances here yesterday. The principal features were the Japanese troupe of tumblers and jugglers and the baby lions which were pleasing. We belong to the Boosters Club and therefore decline to discuss the other features of this entertainment. Some of the boys who took a chance at the three-shell game and other games will tell you all about it.

—"Not guilty on account of insanity," was the verdict of the jury in the case of Thomas Riley, Highland township, Elk county, whose trial ended at Rigway on Friday. Riley was charged with the deliberate murder of Benjamin Robison, an oil well worker, who was shot down by the defendant because he crossed a field owned by Riley, after being forbidden to do so. J. E. Mullen of Kane was Riley's attorney.

—Fill your lunch basket and attend the P. H. C. picnic at Riverhurst Park Aug. 22. Train leaves at 9:30 a. m., special returning leaves the Park about 6:30 p. m., fare 86 cents. This picnic will be held rain or shine, plenty of covered porches in case of rain. There have been many new attractions added to the park this year, making it a very pleasant place to spend a day with your family. All are cordially invited.

—Herbert K. Lewis of Rochester, a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Knapp of this place, recently won three championship medals in the shooting contest of the 3rd Regt. N. Y. national guard, of which he is a member. In the two to three hundred yard targets the young man scored 58 points out of a possible 75; in the five to seven hundred yard events 43 out of 50, and in the eight hundred to one thousand yards or expert class, 44 out of a possible 50.

—The strike of 60 girl employes of the Leon Silk mill has been declared off. Mayor Winger of the arbitration committee was busy Tuesday morning and a conference was held between the strikers and Mr. Leon. Previous meetings had been held on Monday. Finally an agreement was reached whereby the girls will resume work, a Saturday half holiday deing granted by their employer instead of the 40 minute daily reduction which they had asked for.—Bradford Era.

Golden Seal Picnic, Riverhurst Park, Aug. 20th.

Annual picnic of St. Marys, Pa., Order of the Golden Seal, will be held at Riverhurst Park, Tuesday, Aug. 20th. Round trip rate 75c. Children between ages of 5 and 12 years, half fare. Special train leaves Smethport 9:30 a. m., returning leave Riverhurst 8:00 p. m. For further particulars inquire of agent or address

Chas. H. Hammond, A. G. P. A.,
Jos. T. Odell, G. P. A., Olean, N. Y.
St. Marys, Pa.

Five Day Excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Saturday, Aug. 24th, the B., R. & P. Ry. will sell excursion tickets to Niagara Falls for train leaving Mt. Jewett 2:54 p. m. at fare of $3.00. Tickets will be good returning from Niagara Falls or Buffalo up to and including Aug. 28th.

Young's store is still headquarters for bargains.

Personal Mention.

Harry Barber is visiting relatives in New Castle.

Joseph Schoolar of Rochester is visiting his parents.

Rex Stark returned Monday from a visit to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Leo Digel is visiting relatives in Coudersport this week.

Mrs. George Shroat returned from Carthage last Saturday.

Miss Eva Hoffman was in Buffalo and Niagara Falls the first of the week.

Miss Minnie Hibbard of Mt. Jewett spent Sunday with friends in town.

Misses Hallie Walker and Octavia Raymer visited Olean friends Sunday.

Victor Digel of Bradford was visiting friends and relatives in town on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Foster of Covington, Ky., are visiting Rev. T. D. Ware.

Mrs. A. B. Wells of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Miss Elizabeth Setover of Auburn, N. Y., is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. Henry Hamlin and Miss Lal King left Tuesday for a visit to Muskogo, Canada.

Mrs. T. W. Camp and daughter, Miss Mable, were in Buffalo last week on a shopping tour.

Mrs. James McGowan and daughter, Anna, returned yesterday from a visit to Kane friends.

W. T. Seger of New York city arrived Saturday for a three weeks visit with friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hall of Whiting Indiana are visiting their parents Mr and Mrs. Jason Hall.

J. D. Provin, Harry Provin and Miss Nina Provin, of Warsaw, N. Y., are visiting Mrs. L. Sloan.

Mrs. James Harrigan and daughter, Miss Ethel, of Detroit, Mich., are visiting Mrs. E. A. Hoffman.

Harry Corwin, who has been attending summer school in Cleveland, Ohio, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. W. F. Shero of Lancaster and Mrs. W. P. Burdick of Mt. Jewett were visitors in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. F. Butts, of Geneva, N. Y., are visiting relatives and friends in Smethport and vicinity.

Major Coles, a retired army officer of New York and a former resident of this place, is visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. C. M. Gillette of Colegrove, who has been visiting relatives and friends the past week in Ridgway, returned to her home last Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Beckwith, of Farmers Valley, will leave to-morrow for a three weeks' outing in Philadelphia, Atlantic City and New York.

Derrick City 6, Smethport 5.

The Smethport baseball team met defeat at the hands of the Derrick City team at Eldred last Thursday in a close and interesting game. Following is a tale of the disaster:

DERRICK CITY	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Smith cf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Eich cf	4	1	1	8	0	0
Delo lf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Nalser 1b	4	0	1	[illegible]	[illegible]	0
Quinn 2b	3	0	0	1	2	0
Simpkins ss	3	0	0	2	0	0
Morian c	3	2	1	15	0	0
Delo 3b	4	0	0	0	1	1
Behan p	4	1	1	1	2	0
Totals	31	6	6	27	8	1

SMETHPORT	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews lf	4	0	1	0	0	1
Glavin 3b	5	1	1	3	1	0
McCabe 2b	4	0	0	1	1	0
Reilly c	4	0	1	10	0	1
Tull ss	4	1	1	1	3	1
McDowun cf	2	1	0	1	0	0
Estry rf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Denning 1b	4	1	0	8	2	1
Perry p	4	0	1	0	3	0
Totals	35	5	6	27	12	4

By innings:
Derrick City 3 1 0 0 0 0 2 0 0—6
Smethport 1 0 0 1 0 [illegible]—5

Three base hit—Andrews, Behan.
Two base hit—Delo.
Double plays—McCabe to Denning, to Glavin.
Bases on balls—off Perry 1; off Behan 2.
Struck out—by Perry 7; by Behan 15.
Hit by pitched ball—Behan 2.
Stolen bases—Delo, Nalser, Quinn, Morian 2, Andrews, Denning, Glavin 2.
Time of game—1:30.
Scorer—Herzog.

Burglary.

The residence of Hon. James A. McKean was entered on Tuesday night by burglars and his silver, watch and other personal property taken.

Moral: Buy a Burglary, Theft and Larceny Policy of W. F. Specht, who sells all kinds of insurance.

Subscribe for the MINER

Wm. MONHEIMER'S
IT IS NOW UP TO YOU TO
Profit by
The town's greatest Sale of
Boys School Suits.

Nothing is reserved. Our entire stock of high grade Boys' Suits must go, and to make them go quickly, we cut the $3.50, $4.50, $5.00 and $6.00 Suits to

$2.50 Cash.

Every size is here from 3 to 16 years. This chance to save from $2.00 to $3.50 on a Suit is open to you until Saturday, 24th inst. inclusive.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2
McCALL PATTERNS 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

New Outing Flannels

This week we give you an opportunity to lay in your fall supply of the best Outing Flannels at prices which ruled a year ago—quite an unusual offering in the face of the big price advance that has been made on all cotton goods.

We contracted for this lot months ago, paying some advance of course, which comes off our profit, but nothing like prices to-day

2000 yds., all styles, 27 in. wide........per yd. 10c
Daisy and Cinderella Flannels, plain colors........11c

Only 1c more than last year's price but we just got to ask it—most stores will price this grade at 12½c.

SAMPLE BLANKETS
10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

Fourty-four pairs sent us as samples, all grades and colors.
Regular price per pair........55c to $2.00
This Sale........50c to $1.80

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RUBEROID
ROOFING
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are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

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RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

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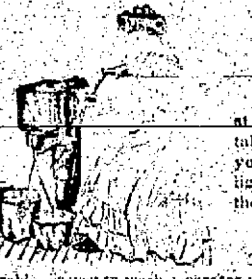
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.



Stick to the Handle.

You get more facts about easy running right at the crank of a separator than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, the crank tells you so as soon as you touch it. I am selling the lightest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR.

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest. The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—it increases the butter money 25 to 30 per cent. and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.

J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

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We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

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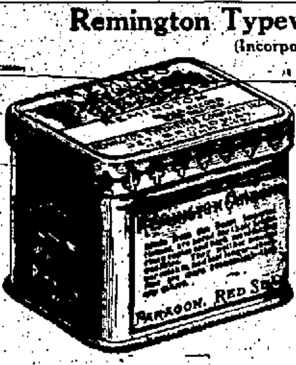

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Remtico Paragon, Red Seal and Billing Carbons—of different weights suited for all classes of work.

All Remtico Typewriter Supplies are known as the Highest Grade Goods Manufactured.

McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Seeing Vesuvius.

By JAMES LEWIS.

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Robert Gaston was a bachelor of thirty-eight and was known to be fairly wealthy. He was a clubman in a conservative way. He was also a patron of the theater, but not of actresses. Now and then he made a bet on a horse race or an election, but he did not ride to the hounds or participate in wild revelry. He was a bachelor of good character, and why he did not marry was something no fellow could find out.

Nothing is a mystery to one who knows. Mr. Gaston knew that he was simply waiting for the right woman to come along and arouse the romance in his nature. That he had romance he felt quite sure, but that the right woman would come he had begun to doubt. He had prevented a girl in financial distress from leaping into the river, but she was older than he and did not appeal to him. He had stopped a runaway cab horse and saved the woman inside the vehicle, but she turned out to be a bachelor girl, who coldly thanked him and said that she was about to vault on to the horse's back and stop him herself. At a theater panic one night he had seized a pretty girl in his arms and hustled her out, but she had told him that she was already engaged and had offered him a dollar in cash for his exertions.

Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-eight Mr. Gaston had had at least fifteen narrow escapes from calling up that slumbering romance that would lead to admiration and love, and he had finally come to the conclusion that it would have to be something out of the beaten track and might never happen at all.

How little do we know what a day may bring forth! On a certain Sunday Mr. Gaston sat in the smoking room of his club and read the six volume Sunday papers and was satisfied and content. On Monday he decided to sail for Italy and see the volcano of Vesuvius in operation. No one had ever suspected him of a partiality for volcanoes. He had not rushed off to the Johnstown flood or the Galveston disaster or the Baltimore fire. He had never been known to attend a prize fight or pay a visit to the morgue, and he had once turned pale at sight of a bleeding finger on the hand of a club waiter, but now he wanted to sail far away and see a volcano belching destruction for twenty miles around. Such is man!

Five days from the date of making his decision Mr. Gaston sailed for Naples. His steamer was not overcrowded. He would find plenty of standing room at the deck rail when he reached port. This would be one of the occasions when the front seats were not reserved for ladies. It was two days before the old bachelor suddenly discovered that there was an extremely good looking young woman aboard in charge of the captain. His heart gave one jump, and then he turned away. He was off to see volcanoes and not to look after comely women. Besides, the captain whispered to him that Miss Davison did not care to make acquaintances on the voyage. By way of revenge Mr. Gaston did not stare at her at the table, as did all the other passengers.

Four days had passed, and he had met Miss Davison face to face a dozen times, and neither had seemed to see the other. Then he passed her vacant steamer chair and found her purse lying where she had carelessly left it. Finding a lady's purse, whether on land or sea, calls for immediate action. Mr. Gaston was in search of the captain to hand it over, with contents untouched, when he met the young lady face to face and had the hardihood to address her. She at once responded smilingly. Yes, it was her purse, and she was under a thousand obligations, and so they introduced themselves to each other and sat down for a chat.

She had told the captain that she didn't care for introductions, but she was willing to make an exception in Mr. Gaston's case. Mr. Gaston was on board for the express purpose of going to Naples to see a volcano humping itself and hadn't expected to speak to a woman en route, but he was also willing to make a solitary exception.

There were many other chats, but it was not until the last day out that Miss Davison solved a problem that was puzzling the bachelor. She was going to Italy to claim a large estate left by her grandmother. She had the papers with her. She was an orphan and had no relative to come with her, and her New York lawyer and her maid had accidentally been left behind when the steamer sailed. She must go to a hotel in Naples and wait for them, though she would be in consultation with an Italian lawyer meanwhile, and some preliminary steps could be taken.

The romance that had been buried deep in the heart of the old bachelor began to thaw out. It thawed and bubbled and rose to the surface. It begot admiration. Mr. Gaston wouldn't have made a wager that it wouldn't end in begetting love. The thing that was needed had come to him at last. On arrival at Naples the captain took Miss Davison to a certain hotel, and Mr. Gaston went to another, but of course Mr. Gaston could call at any proper hour. He did call.

There was old Vesuv belching away and scattering ashes and fireworks all around, and hundreds feared that Naples must be destroyed, but he was not among them. He was falling in love with Miss Davison, and Naples must stand. Together the two saw the old hill doing her stunt, but their talk was mostly in regard to that grandmother's fortune. It amounted to millions of dollars, and Miss Davison was the only heir. It would be a great responsibility for her, and she almost dreaded getting the money. Alone in the world and immensely wealthy, how could she tell whether a man sought her hand for love or the long green?

At this point Mr. Gaston reached out and took her hand and said something in reply, but as there happened to be an eruption just then—a sound like ten thousand mad bulls bellowing at once—the young lady never caught the words. She took them to mean something at least brotherly, however, and hung to his arm a little more tightly. Mr. Gaston was now in love. He was ready to bet a new hat on it. He was ready to propose marriage. He was willing to bet two hats on that. He must go a little slow, because he was no fortune hunter and wanted the girl to satisfy herself on that point.

A week passed, and then Miss Davison received a cablegram from her lawyer stating that he would be detained two weeks longer and that she should begin preliminary proceedings in the suit. Mr. Gaston did not see the cablegram, but he did see the lawyer who called on the heiress. Miss Davison insisted that he should be present at the interview as the only dear friend she had in all Italy. Vesuvius belched and roared and threw rocks over 200 feet high, but the interview took place just the same. The lawyer went over the case, which was a sure thing. It was as sure as that an American trust company could run the price of potatoes up a dollar a barrel and not go to jail for it.

Everything was ready to begin business, but there would be need of money—quite a bit of money. Being a foreigner, Miss Davison must put up $10,000 before filing the suit, and then there would be need of $5,000 additional to bribe officials and get the papers started on the right road. The American lawyer would bring the money when he came, but that would mean more delay. When you are going to sue for millions left by your grandmother, you can't begin too quick. If you fool around too long, a hundred other heirs will rise from their graves to hold out their avaricious paws.

When the lawyer had departed, Miss Davison was almost in tears. She hadn't the cash to advance. Her lawyer was taking the case on a chance, and $1,000 was all she could raise. She succeeded in choking back a few sobs and then suddenly smiled and said it would make no great difference. If she had not the money, that must end it.

Right there was where Mr. Gaston spoke his little piece. He had loved her from the instant he found the purse in the steamer chair, and now that he could be of use to her his love welled up like a spring on the Catskill mountains. He would advance the money to the lawyer. She must not say him nay. He wanted her for his wife, but he would not make a formal proposal until she had had time to study him and make sure that he was no grafter or social wretch. She protested, but he insisted. Even while she protested he left her dear presence to fix things with the lawyer. You may be in Naples and your bank account in New York, but things can be fixed in a day to transfer any sum named.

The next day as Mr. Gaston came into the presence of the one loved she blushed and returned the pressure of his hand. Old Vesuv still whanged away, but she was quiet compared with Gaston's heart. For one day only! On his next call he found the heiress missing. After anxious inquiry he learned that she had taken the train for Genoa. He might have telegraphed and had her and the fake lawyer arrested, but he decided not to do so. He had loved and lost, and without another look at the famous volcano he took the steamer for New York. When his club friends asked him to describe what he had seen, he said there was nothing to describe. To one man only did he open his bleeding heart, and he was somewhat comforted to hear the other exclaim:

"The deuce you say! Why, the same girl got $10,000 of my good money in the same way last summer! Glad I'm not the only easy mark in this old world!"

Oldest Artificial Leg.

What is said by the British Medical Journal to be the oldest artificial leg in existence is in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. It was found in the tomb of Capua and is described in the catalogue as follows: "Roman artificial leg. The artificial limb accurately represents the form of the leg. It is made of pieces of thin bronze, fastened by bronze nails to a wooden core. Two iron bars, having holes at their free ends, are attached to the upper extremity of the bronze. A quadrilateral piece of iron, found near the position of the foot, is thought to have given strength to it. There is no trace of the foot, and the wooden core had nearly crumbled away. That skeleton had its waist surrounded by a belt of sheet bronze edged with small rivets, probably used to fasten a leather lining. Three painted vases (red figures on a black ground) lay at the feet of the skeleton. The vases belong to a rather advanced period in the decline of art (about 300 B. C.)."

Hard Work.

"Your enormous fortune has resulted in comfort and ease for yourself and your family."

"Well, I dunno that it has," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It has compelled mother and the girls to put in a terrible amount of hard work givin' me lessons in etiquette."—Washington Star.

THE SEA HEDGEHOG.

It Will Swallow Air Until It Swells Into Invulnerability.

Of fishes a large number are protected from hostile attack by a covering of prickles. By far the most curious examples are the globefisher or "sea hedgehogs" of the Atlantic and Indo-Pacific oceans. The extreme length of the globefish is something less than two feet. It has thick lips and goggle eyes, which give it the appearance of a good natured country man. Courage it seems to lack, and one might suppose that such a simpleton would fall an easy prey to the first shark or dogfish it encountered. Yet the globefish is able to take care of itself. It never under any circumstances attacks the enemy, yet is always ready to receive him in a suitable manner should he provoke hostilities.

Let us suppose that a shoal of globefishes is swimming tranquilly in the clear waters when it is suddenly surprised by a hungry shark. Of course the little fellows scuttle hither and thither in uncontrollable alarm. But the shark, poising himself upon his powerful tail, leisurely singles out one of the fleeing globefishes and sets out in pursuit. Now, although the globefish is a good swimmer, it is no match for the shark. The chase is in every way unequal and can have but one ending. Within a few minutes of its commencement the shark must overtake the globefish. But the quarry is well aware of its danger. It makes a bee line for the surface and as soon as it gets there begins to take in great gulps of air.

Then a strange thing happens. The fish that only a moment before was thin and small begins to grow stouter and stouter until, like the frog in the fable, it seems in danger of bursting. It stops inflating itself, however, just in time to avert this catastrophe. But its skin has become as taut as a drumhead, and the whole of its body is covered with sharp, erect prickles. It has become a sea hedgehog, and the hungry shark which comes surging through the water dares not touch it, but turns tail in search of something more eatable. Of course the globefish was covered with prickles all the time, but in periods of tranquillity these lie comfortably along its sides, just as do those of the hedgehog. Unlike its land prototype, however, the "sea hedgehog" is unprovided with a special muscle for erecting its prickles; so when danger threatens it has recourse to the mechanical method of inflating the whole body with air or with water if it cannot reach the surface quickly.—Scientific American.

SOME BABY DON'TS.

Don't rock babies; it injures the brain.

Don't tease babies; it will make them cross.

Don't trot babies; it disturbs the whole system.

Don't romp with babies; it excites the brain too much.

Don't dress babies stylishly; it is cruel to adorn a rose.

Don't wake babies up to show them; they need all the sleep they can get.

Don't let too many strangers handle babies; it will spoil their disposition.

Don't put too many clothes on babies in hot weather; it will cause prickly heat.

Don't forget to give cool water often; it is the only thing to quench thirst and ward off fever.

Don't put long clothes on any baby; the weight has killed dozens of babies. Twenty-eight inches is long enough for comfort.—Pearson's Weekly.

Its Fire and Its Girdle Cakes.

The Chequers Inn, Osmotherley, is a relic of the old coaching days, but it is now famed for its fire, which has never been out for more than 100 years and over which girdle cakes are baked. This huge fire is kept continually burning by peat or turf from the Yorkshire moors. An excellent tea is provided for visitors, the chief dainty being the girdle cakes. The peat glows like red embers on a red tiled floor, the girdle being suspended from a bar above, the whole looking most quaint and picturesque. The exterior of the inn is most unpretentious and old world looking, as it nestles alone on the Yorkshire wolds.—London Standard.

Agreed.

Justice Pickford, when a barrister, was once speaking before a couple of judges when a disagreement arose. After a long discussion on a point of law one of the judges said: "We repeat that the statement you make is not good law, and this court does not sit to expound the law to you, Mr. Pickford. We have neither the wish, the time"— "Nor the ability, your lordships," interjected the barrister. "Quite so; quite so. Now, as to paragraph 3."—London Tit-Bits.

Obstinate Parents.

"Reginald," said the head of the family, "I have told you again and again that you are not to pull the cat's tail."

Reginald eyed him sadly. "You are getting very obstinate, father," he said reprovingly.—London Globe.

Amicable Adjustment.

"I want you distinctly to understand, Emil, that when your colleague's wife has a new hat I want one too."

"Calm yourself, my dear. We've settled it between us. You're neither of you going to get one."—Fliegende Blatter.

Built That Way.

"What does it mean, pa, when it says a man 'bent his steps'?"

"That he was bow legged, my son."—New York Press.

Hundreds of people yearly go through painful operations needlessly, because they never tried Man Zan Pile Remedy. It is put up in such a form that it can be applied right where the trouble lies. It relieves the pain and inflammation. It is for any form of the piles. Price 50 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Phar., Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

FIRE FIGHTING AT SEA

Methods of Extinguishing Flames on Board Ships.

RIGID DISCIPLINE THE RULE.

When the Alarm Is Sounded Every Member of the Crew Has His Station and Carries Out the Particular Duty Intrusted to Him.

Of all disasters that can befall a ship none is more dreaded by the mariner than a fire at sea. Indeed, the annals of Lloyd's record few greater ocean tragedies and, be it said, no more conspicuous instances of gallantry and heroic effort than those connected with ships afire.

No wonder, then, in view of the dreadful possibilities of an outbreak of fire on board, that a thorough knowledge of the proper steps to be taken in extinguishing the flames at the outset or at least holding them in check is expected of every officer from the captain downward.

Most vessels are nowadays fitted with hydrants, several on each deck, and in the case of large liners hose is kept in handy places, ready to be attached to the hydrants at a moment's notice. Moreover, every large passenger boat carries a number of portable extinguishers which can be strapped on a man's back. The spray from these is, of course, thin, but very effective in subduing small outbreaks where the fire has not secured too firm a hold.

Fire drill forms a weekly feature in the routine on every ocean liner. Every member of the crew literally, from captain to cabin boy, has his "fire station" allotted to him, at which, when the signal is given, he takes his position and carries out the particular duty intrusted to him.

When an actual outbreak occurs the fire alarm is if possible avoided, so as to prevent panic among the passengers. Word is passed quietly around, the passengers being kept in ignorance as long as possible. In fact, more than one fire at sea has been extinguished without any suspicion on the part of the passengers that the outbreak was other than an imaginary one engineered by the officers to give the passengers a chance of seeing what could be done in the event of the real thing occurring.

In many cases, of course, the passengers have to be informed, but the news is always broken as lightly as possible, and some special entertainment—a concert, a dance, theatricals, and so on—is got up to allay any natural feeling of nervous anxiety. Of course if the fire shows signs of becoming unmanageable the boats are got ready and swung out in case it appears necessary to abandon the ship.

Every boat on large liners is kept fully provisioned, food sufficient for several days being contained in air and water tight tanks.

The worst fires at sea are those which cannot easily be got at. These usually occur amid the cargo in the lower holds and are often spontaneous in their origin. In such cases it is highly dangerous to open the hatches. The fire, which may have been smoldering for days, will naturally burst into a blaze as soon as the air is admitted.

The proper course is to exclude the air in every possible way; consequently even the ventilators are stopped up. If the holds are fitted with steam pipes, the steam is at once turned on; otherwise holes are cut in the deck, just large enough to admit the nozzles of the fire hose, and water is vigorously pumped into the hold.

In one form of extinguishing apparatus, instead of steam or water, sulphurous fumes are injected into the hold, the fumes being generated in a machine specially fitted for that purpose. This injection method is highly effective, and rarely fails if the pipes are properly placed in each hold. The steam or fumes are turned on from the upper deck.

If a fire breaks out in the hold and assumes such dimensions that steam injection is powerless to check it, the vessel is, when possible, got into shallow water and, if necessary, beached.

In any case the sea cocks of the particular hold are opened and the hold allowed to fill with water. This can usually be done with very little fear of the vessel foundering, as modern built ships are divided into many compartments separated by strong water tight bulkheads of steel or iron. Such is the buoyancy of a vessel so constructed that instances have been known of a craft remaining afloat with only one or two of these compartments dry.

If the burning hold is a very large one and by flooding it with water there is danger of the vessel foundering, the cargo in another hold is thrown overboard or "jettisoned," as it is called at sea, to counteract the weight of water admitted into the first hold. As a last resource, the vessel, if in dock or shallow water, is scuttled by opening the sea cocks. This has been done more than once in Tilbury docks.

We seldom hear nowadays of fire breaking out in the passengers' quarters on large liners. The introduction of electric lighting on board ship has no doubt conduced greatly to this improved state of matters. When a fire does break out in the cabin, it is usually soon detected, for a constant watch is kept by the officers and night stewards, who make periodical tours of inspection during the nocturnal hours.—Pearson's Weekly.

Look on the poor with gentle eyes, for in such habits often angels desire alms.—Massinger.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

TWO CHEERFUL LIARS.

A Queer Cherry Tree and a Back Action Cannon Ball.

Mr. Finlayson, town clerk of Stirling in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was noted for the marvelous in conversation. He was on a visit to the Earl of Monteith and Airth in his castle of Talla, on the loch of Monteith, and was about taking leave when he was asked by the earl whether he had seen the sailing cherry tree.

"No," said Finlayson. "What sort of a thing is it?"

"It is," replied the earl, "a tree that has grown out of a goose's mouth from a stone the bird had swallowed and which she bears about with her as she voyages round the loch. It is just at present in full fruit of the most exquisite flavor. Now, Finlayson," he added, "can you, with all your powers of memory and fancy, match the story of the cherry tree?"

"Perhaps I can," said Finlayson, clearing his throat, adding: "When Oliver Cromwell was at Aith one of the cannon sent a ball to Stirling and lodged it in the mouth of a trumpet which one of the troops in the castle was in the act of sounding."

"Was the trumpeter killed?" said the earl.

"No, my lord," said Finlayson. "He blew the ball back and killed the artilleryman who had fired it!"—Pearson's Weekly.

ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

The Greatest Literary Treasure That the World Has Lost.

Perhaps the largest and most valuable of literary treasures the world has lost was the Alexandrian library. This collection, the most remarkable of the ancient world, is said to have contained in its most flourishing period 400,000 or, according to others, 700,000 manuscripts. Its royal founder collected from all nations their choicest compositions. We are told that one of his successors went so far as to refuse to supply the Athenians with wheat until they had given him the original manuscripts of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. When Julius Caesar laid siege to the city the greater portion of this library was destroyed by fire. It was later replaced by the collection presented to Queen Cleopatra by Mark Antony. But it was not destined to endure long. When the Emperor Theodosius the Great in 391 A. D. ordered the destruction of all heathen temples within the Roman empire the Christians, led by the Archbishop Theophilus, did not spare that of Jupiter, in which were kept the literary treasures. From this general destruction about 4,000 manuscripts escaped, only to be burned in 640 by Saracens under the Caliph Omar.—Argonaut.

A Pretty Fast Clock.

He was standing in front of the circular elevator indicator in one of the office buildings, watch in hand. It was the morning after, and I suppose that he had forgotten to concern himself with the frivolous detail of winding his timepiece the previous evening. His equilibrium was far from stable, and his eyes, unsteadily following the indicator hand, blinked with efforts at comprehension as he tried to set his watch.

"Ridiculous clock (hic)—very 'musing (hic)—very fast pace we live (hic) these days (hic)—pretty fast for my ole timer (hic)—ridiculous—can't seem t' catch it (hic)—whoa!—there you are—gone again (hic). Pshaw!—ridiculous clock."

I left him still trying to get his watch into conformity with the speeding indicator.—Boston Traveler.

How a Flea Jumps.

It is said that a flea leaps 200 times its height, and while it usually does land on its feet, it often falls, especially when it falls on a perfectly smooth surface, where the claws can get only a slight hold. A flea has six legs, whose great length and bulk make them so heavy that they must be a great help in keeping their owner right side up when it makes one of those gigantic jumps, and when it lands upside down or in some other way its ability to kick is so great that not more than one wriggle is needed to set things right. A flea's wings are mere scales and of no use. But small and worthless as they are, they tell the entomologist something about the proper classification of the insect. To the flea itself they have no value.—St. Nicholas.

Polishing Small Articles.

It is said that a high polish may be obtained after nickel plating on small steel articles, such as screws, by tumbling them with leather and dry rouge. The articles are placed in a tumbling barrel with leather scraps. Some dry rouge is put into the barrel along with the screws and leather and the whole tumbled for some time. The rouge coats the surface of the leather and causes it to act like a polishing wheel. Canvas scraps may be used in place of leather.

Politeness.

Lady (to Irish gardener, who "obliges" by the day)—Well, Dan, and what do I owe you for today? Dan—Sure, ma'am, I'd sooner be taking the half crown you'd be offering me than the 2 shillings I'd be asking of you.—Punch.

Birds and Feathers.

Mistress—Mary, have you any rooted objections to using a feather duster? This room looks as if you had. Maid—Yes, mum, I have. I belongs to the Audubon society.—Harper's Weekly.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than it is to satisfy all that follow it.—Franklin.

Man Zan Pile Remedy comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle. Easy to apply right where soreness and inflammation exists. It relieves at once blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Guaranteed. Price 50 cents. Get it to-day. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—C. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy H. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
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Com'rs Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford, W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. [illegible], Smethport; [illegible], East Smethport.
Coroner—E. M. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
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Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, D. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 11, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 35, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—T. D. Ware pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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EMIL THAMM,
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Fine Cigars.
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Blanchard's Fares.

By LILLIAN WHITMARK.

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"What's up?" Blanchard smiled down into Kitty's tear filled eyes.

"The boat," she sobbed. "It left me."

"Most discourteous boat," said Blanchard severely. "How did it happen?"

"I was late," she explained. "They had just thrown the ropes off, and the horrid captain would not tie them up again, and there's all the girls, and I can't go."

"That's the Sunday school excursion, isn't it?" he asked.

Kitty nodded her head. "They're going to Beaver Island, and I've got a brand new dress, and Ted had the lunch box, and the house is all shut up because everybody is on the boat, and I've got to sit on the steps until they come home, and—"

"Stop," implored Blanchard laughingly. "Three more 'ands' and you will have totaled the world's unhappiness. Not for millions would I have you sit on the front stoop all this pleasant day bereft of your family and friends. This is a serious matter, Kitty. I think that we shall have to go after that boat and make the captain apologize. Now you wait here a little while and see what happens."

He perched the child on a dry goods box on the dock and went off toward the street. Kitty looked out over the lake at the departing steamboat, but her tears had dried. There was something so comforting about Guy Blanchard. He was so big and strong and so kind to little folks. He would do something; he said he would.

Presently she heard a soft coughing sound, and then came Blanchard's voice in cheery hail. She slipped from her perch and peered over the edge of the dock.

"I'M GOING TO HAVE A PICNIC ALL BY MYSELF."

There, just below her was Blanchard standing in front of a gaily striped awning that all but concealed the gunwales of a saucy little power launch.

"Jump, kiddies," he called cheerily. "Don't be afraid. I'll catch you. This boat for Beaver Island and the Sunday school picnic; fare one kiss; all aboard!"

Kitty summoned her courage and made a leap, landing in the strong arms and finding herself transferred to a wicker armchair softly cushioned and delightfully shaded by the awning. On a locker stood a box of candy invitingly open, and Guy was smiling at her from a funny little pen up front.

"Now we're off," he announced briskly. "Shall we catch up with the steamer or beat them to the landing?"

"You can't get there first in this little thing," she said, with a sigh. "Can you, Guy?"

"Sure," he declared confidently. "We'll be fishing from the dock when they come up." He pushed some funny levers and things, and the coughing began again, to rapidly change to a sharp staccato bark. The high powered motor ran so smoothly and they slipped through the water so easily that Kitty did not realize how fast they were going until she turned to look back at the dock and found that it was rapidly dwindling.

"We're going awful fast," she called.

"That's what we want," he answered over his shoulder. "We shall catch the Republic in no time at all."

"I wish Mabel was here," she said regretfully. Guy's lips set in a straight line. His heart echoed the wish even while he knew that, had Mabel been left behind, too, he could not have come to the rescue. It was only a lovers' quarrel, but for two weeks it had made him miserable to think of it. He was too proud to beg when he was in the right, and he could not tell from her laughing face that she was as miserable as he.

"Don't you wish Mabel was here?" demanded Kitty, receiving no reply to her first remark.

"Sure," he answered, "but she's on the Republic. What's the use of wishing for what you cannot have?"

The child lost the meaning of the wistful tones. "You haven't been around lately," she commented. "I don't like it when you don't come. Why don't you?"

Blanchard smiled grimly. How was a [illegible] to understand?

"I [illegible] had the time," he said evasively. "I've an idea," he went on to change the topic. "Suppose you hide when we go past the steamer. Then when they get there and find you waiting for them you can tell them that you flew like Peter Pan."

Kitty clapped her hands at the conceit. "That'll be fine," she declared. "How can we do it?"

"Unfasten the awnings on that side and let them drop," he explained. "It will be impossible to see you if you sit right in the middle."

Kitty flew to carry out instructions, and she was just in time, for the launch had gained rapidly on the steamer, and presently they were slipping past the slow moving excursion boat. It was still an hour's ride to the island, and the Republic would take an hour and a half. Kitty was so full of her new idea that she forgot the earlier conversation, and Blanchard gave a sigh of relief when at last she was safely landed without having pursued her investigation further. He was backing away from the dock when she called to him. He ran alongside again.

"You forgot your fare," she reminded as her little arms went about his neck and the full red lips were laid against his own.

"I am afraid that I am a poor captain to forget to collect my fares," he laughed. "Take care of yourself, kidlets, and don't fall off the dock. It will be half an hour before the boat gets here."

"Why don't you stay?" she demanded. "Mabel will give you some of our lunch."

"I have some here," he laughed as he indicated a locker. "I'm going to have a picnic all by myself."

He was clear of the dock now, and the launch gained speed. At the south end of the island was a little cove where he could go ashore and have lunch. It was a short task to broil the ham over the coals and heat the coffee. Then he filled his pipe and lay back to enjoy a smoke before starting back to town.

The cove was difficult of access from the picnic grounds, and not even an echo of the merrymakers reached him. He drowsed off and finally fell asleep to dream of Mabel.

He roused to find her sitting on the sand beside him.

"You are not very courteous to your guests," she scolded in mock anger. "Here I've walked all the way from the picnic grounds to visit you and find you asleep."

"I wasn't expecting company," he said. "How did you know I was here?"

"Kitty said you had gone off to have a picnic by yourself, and I guessed where you had come. You brought me here twice last year. It was awfully good of you, Guy, to bring the poor child."

"She seemed so broken up," he explained awkwardly. Mabel's face [illegible]

"And I want to tell you," she went on bravely, "that I am sorry that I was so horrid the other day."

"We were both to blame," he conceded, "but it's all right now, dear."

"And, please, will you come around to the picnic grounds?" she asked.

"For the same fare that Kitty paid," he offered as he took her in his arms. "But I took Kitty for half fare," he added, and their lips met again.

Pardonable Offenses.

After a careful canvass these have been found to be pardonable sins:

Lying about fish. One can hardly be expected in explaining the length of his fish to use a microscope.

Saying you're not at home. This is the pardonable sin of social circles usually, and of men who have calls from collectors frequently.

Lying about your remarkable children. Of course a fellow doesn't really lie, but when he thinks of something bright his four-year-old might have said he hesitates through modesty to admit authorship, and so it is properly attributed to the four-year-old.

Suppressing, altering or otherwise disguising the facts of your age, false hair and wrinkles.

Beating the other fellow's story. Example: Jones has just finished a story; Smith waits impatiently to the end and then begins: "That's nothing. Why, when I was touring the west with Custer," etc.—Baltimore News.

He Was a Good Booster.

A minister was assigned to a small New England town not long ago and upon his arrival found his new field of effort almost all that could be wished, with one exception, this exception being old Bill Johnson. Old Bill was very much addicted to looking upon the wine when it was red, and the new minister at once announced his intention to bring him to see the error of his ways.

"Waal, of course, we know you mean right, parson," one of the elders said slowly, stroking his white beard, "but it would be a mighty bad thing for the town if old Bill was to quit drinkin'."

"Why, what do you mean, brother?" the puzzled minister asked.

"Waal, parson, it's like this," the elder explained. "There ain't a more convincin' talker nowhere than old Bill, an' every time he gets drunk and sobers up he gets somebody to sign the pledge with him, an' the other fellow pretty nearly always keeps it."—Harper's Weekly.

Procrastination and Ideals.

A man is much less apt to fall in love at twenty-seven than at twenty-two, and a woman is much less likely to be fallen in love with at twenty-five than at twenty. The damsel therefore who makes up her mind that the proper age for her to marry is twenty-five and the proper age for her husband twenty-eight, and who sets up to this idea in her youthful days runs a great risk of achieving something quite different from her ideal.—London Truth.

SPEECH OF PARROTS.

Do These Birds Understand What They Talk About?

Those of us who possess talking parrots are often asked the question, "Do you think they really understand what they say?" Sometimes I have been inclined to say "Yes," so striking has been the fitness of the birds' remarks; at other times "No." When a bird has been carefully taught or has learned from his own observation a considerable number of set phrases and sentences, there are certain to arise occasions when one or another of his exclamations fits in happily with the conversation or circumstances of the moment. Some few instances of such coincidences (for every one of which I can vouch) may interest your circle of readers. Some years we were presented with a young green parrot. The bird must have been only a few months old, as she gave no sign of her red tail. This, however, quickly appeared, and Polly soon gave evidence that she was listening to sounds and learning to reproduce them. We now began to give her talking lessons by continually repeating over and over again set words or phrases and were soon repaid for our pains. Polly began to talk and quickly mastered a good many of her lessons. She added a good many self acquired accomplishments, such as cab calls, milkmen's and paper boys' cries and the cawing of rooks. Her piercing whistle would often cause the milkman to stop and look around, thinking the call was for him. Polly also learned to imitate the song of the canary. She would look up at her little yellow mate in her cage above and call her "Sweet, sweet, pretty little Dick; pretty little Dick!"

On one occasion the dressmaker was ushered into the dining room and was startled by the bird exclaiming: "Hello! What's your name? What do you want?" She surprised a lady visitor on one occasion with the rather [illegible] "[illegible] you please?" About this time I was suffering from a very painful complaint, and it would almost seem as if my suffering drew out the bird's sympathy, for on one occasion she said to me: "Hello! What's the matter with you? Are you quite well?" I replied, "No, not quite well, Polly," whereupon she replied, "Not quite well." She was once in the room where a member of the family was practicing singing and presently made the remark, emphasizing the last word, "What's the matter with you?" When signs of going out for a walk are apparent we are invariably and repeatedly bidden "Goodby, goodby," with the accompaniment of many kisses. On our return Polly inquires, "Where have you been?" and upon being informed usually replies, "Glad to see you back." During last winter my wife was one morning putting on an old stove for Polly's benefit near her cage. On the [illegible] the bird watched her with great interest and presently said, "Do you feel cold?" "Count your blessings" was a phrase Polly found great difficulty in mastering. "Count your bless," began all she succeeded in uttering, and soon, dropping this as too troublesome. However, after a time we tried her again. Now she drops out the "bless" and solemnly exhorts us to "Count your, count your sins." A few weeks ago a servant was engaged in polishing brasswork near Polly's cage, and the bird immediately started talking to her. "Hello, Polly! What do you want? What's the matter with you? Are you quite well? Do you feel cold? Where have you been?" and much more. Eliciting no reply, she shouted out, "Why don't you talk?" and drew the retort from the woman, "Because I am too busy, Polly." Polly replied, "How shocking!"—H. Dunn in London Spectator.

The Gray Horse.

You may change a farmer's religion or politics; make him think he is rich and handsome or sell him a dog, but you will never make him think a gray horse is not a jewel. I read somewhere recently that gray horses were not up to the standard, or words to that effect. I never was so astonished in my life. I have always thought, and do now, that gray or white horses were the handsomest, toughest breed on the planet.

The celebrated Arabian horses are white or dapple gray. Famous generals in all wars have ridden white or iron gray chargers. Circus men select gray horses to draw the band wagons in street parades. A great packing company always selects Percheron horses, not so much for the color, but because their feet will stand traveling on the pavement better than any draft breed. It is said that Joan of Arc rode a milk white horse, and St. John the revelator saw a white horse in heaven (Revelation vi, 2). Half of the draft horses in Aroostook are white or gray, and another decade will see 90 per cent of them of that color.

Value of a Cheap Acid.

In a vessel of platinum lined with gold some sulphuric acid hissed. "The vessel is costly, but the contents are hardly worth 2 cents a quart," said the chemist. "Yet you have no idea what a public benefactor sulphuric acid is. Without it, for instance, we could have none of the finer sorts of Fourth of July fireworks, and neither could we have any more war, for gun cotton, nitroglycerin, lyddite, dynamite—in fact, all the high explosives—could not be made without sulphuric acid. Without it we could have no [illegible]. It is this acid that releases the lovely colors locked in coal tar's black slime. Without it the farmers would have none of the wonderful superphosphate fertilizers. It is sulphuric acid that, poured on worthless old bones, turns them into a marvelous soil stimulant. Yes, this, the cheapest of all acids, is admitted to be the most valuable of all acids as well."—Exchange.

A Question of Precedence.

By CURRAN RICHARD GREENLEY.

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The limited pulled out from the station as a dash of sleet against the windows gave warning of the increasing storm. Agatha shivered as she pulled the wraps closer about her shoulders. Somewhere out in that swirl of sleet and snow Dick Weldon was breasting the storm, his dark face darker still with the pain that her words had inflicted. Even so, let him go since it had to be a question of precedence between her love and his profession. She recalled the night that she had excused herself from her hostess' box party to remain at home for Weldon's call, only to sit alone in the deserted drawing room, and he had not even troubled to send an excuse.

That was the beginning of the end. Now her bridges were all burned, and every moment speeding her toward the new life out there in the orient. Katharine Laird's invitation to go with them to Japan had reached her at the crucial moment—Japan, dim, dusky dream that all her life had lain just over the border of possibility, and with Katharine and Ellis of all people! Katharine wrote that the appointment was not of sufficient importance to count as a political asset; therefore they would be safe to remain there for years.

Then out of the misty promises of the future came the memory of Weldon's face when baldly, brutally, without one softening note of regret, she had told him of her plans and in the next breath a conventional farewell in the presence of the other guests. She had built up the wall of injured pride all too securely, leaving no loophole for belated explanations.

The train settled down to the long run through the open country, and the twinkling lights of villages swept by like fireflies through the stormy darkness. Loneliness engulfed her, and in desperation she sought refuge in her berth, to lie open eyed all the sleepless night, while the certainty of her folly beat in upon her, clearer with each succeeding hour.

Morning found them far out on the dead level of the prairies, with the snow coming down with unabated energy. The engine fought its way through the drifts, but at last the big wheels stood still. Agatha woke up to the fact that something was wrong when the men began to file out of the car. Then a man came down the aisle and stood in front of her seat. [illegible] Weldon!" She was on her feet, both hands outstretched and her eyes alight, forgetting in the sudden revulsion of feeling all he had not [illegible] sight as he dropped into the vacant seat.

"We are snowbound and may have to spend the rest of the day here until the plow comes to our relief."

The matter of fact tone put confusion to flight and gave Agatha time to find herself while he ran on with an easy flow of commonplaces.

"You were on all night?" she ventured.

Weldon's eyes met hers fairly. "Yes. I would have made my presence known, but feared you would resent the intrusion; you have kept me so thoroughly out in the cold of late."

"I—that is"—and the words failed her. Weldon pulled a magazine from his pocket and handed it to her, the shadow of a smile lurking in his eyes. "Have you seen that article on Japan? It may interest you." Then he vanished behind his paper.

Agatha picked up the magazine, the gray blur between her eyes and the page threatening to overflow.

"Why need he flaunt his indifference so brazenly?" she thought. "No one asked him to come." But she stole a look at the dark, intent face, and their eyes met. The paper fell to the floor between them. "No use, dear lady, I confess. I followed because I could not stay behind."

"What! Left all those wonderfully interesting patients just to follow me? This belated interest is simply amazing." But the heightened color and the laughter deep in her eyes belied her words. Under cover of the magazine Weldon's hand sought and found hers. They had the car practically to themselves, and the brown head dropped perilously near to Weldon's shoulder as he bent over the girl and the door was flung open and a porter dashed through, yelling as he went: "Is there a doctor on board? There's a child 'bout to die back there in the way car, and its mother's scared stiff."

Weldon hesitated; then the call to duty overcame. With an appealing glance at the girl, "You will hear me afterward?" he was gone.

Agatha turned to the blind whiteness without, her lips trembling.

"It will always be so—a secondary consideration." She knew the words he would have said—felt the lost sweetness of the desecrated moment. Hours seemed to pass in the next ten minutes. The porter returned for Weldon's suit case; then the passengers drifted back into the warm car. There is nothing exciting in contemplating a snowdrift, and they could continue the discussion in comfort. Agatha longed to escape the chatter.

She went through the intervening sleepers to the way car, where, at [illegible] Weldon. His coat was off, [illegible] case open on the floor, and across the dingy velvet of the seat lay the child.

Weldon turned quickly.

"It is malignant diphtheria. Are you afraid?"

She shook her head, her eyes growing soft with pity as she watched the little head tossing from side to side and heard the choking gasps. For the first time Agatha understood.

"Can I help you?"

The smile that lit his dark face was her reward.

"I would not have asked it, but I would be only too thankful if you would. Get that alcohol lamp started. These instruments must be sterilized."

Agatha obeyed, losing all sense of strangeness in the surroundings as Weldon issued his orders and those short gasps grew more labored. With the porter's assistance, he placed the child on a little table borrowed from the sleeper, then, looking steadily into the girl's eyes, for the first time, called her by name—"Agatha, try to remember that this is absolutely necessary, that the child is unconscious and does not feel the pain. Be ready to give me the instruments as I call for them, and don't let a thought of his suffering trouble you." Then to the women who were crowding around, "Take the mother to the other end of the car and keep away from here."

The baby throat was bared, and the knife flashed in Weldon's hand—another flash, "The sponge," and the steady fingers pressed the wound apart. "Now the tube and place your fingers here." Agatha obeyed, blind and deaf to all but Weldon's low toned command. The slow minutes dragged out a lifetime, while she stood there and Weldon sutured and bandaged, the play of the strong white fingers holding her fascinated.

"Look!" He pointed to the small face on which the awful blue gray hue was giving place to a natural pallor. "He is breathing easily now, but the next question is the nursing. You see the mother?" and he nodded toward the [illegible] of shabby finery that occupied the center of the sympathizing group. "The child will die unless he has the [illegible] care. Poor little wretch! [illegible] kindness to bring him [illegible] forgets all that [illegible]" He smiled down [illegible]. The baby stirred and moaned [illegible] the girl's heart the instinct of [illegible]hood roused in answer. [illegible] would he [illegible] us take [illegible] care of him?"

"[illegible]" Weldon [illegible] mighty [illegible] will [illegible] if I say so [illegible]

"Never [illegible] I want to."

When the [illegible] awoke to his suffering there was little time for sentiment. During the long day, while they lay snowbound, Weldon and Agatha battled for the child's life. Then the train went on its way, while the mother whiled away the interval with [illegible] tales from car to car until Weldon bade her stay away altogether until the crisis was passed. He wired ahead for an ambulance, and they [illegible] to the hospital. The worst was over, and they could safely leave him to the nurse, but Agatha's eyes were wet as they passed out into the [illegible] small thing that had depended so utterly upon her care.

Weldon took the seat beside her as he gave the order, "To the Palace hotel." The Lairds were stopping there. His hand closed over hers. "Agatha, it was just such a case as this that held me that night—worse, the only child of a widowed mother, and it died; I could not leave that dying child to send a message, and when I would have explained later you would not hear me. You have felt that I placed my profession before you. You could not know then, but now"—

The brown eyes met his, bright through the mist of unshed tears. "Now I understand."

Cleaning the Skin.

Owing to the oiliness of the skin it cannot be efficiently cleansed by water alone; hence the morning cold bath, which is delightfully tonic and invigorating to those with whom it agrees, is a delusion and a snare so far as efficient cleansing properties are concerned. The rubbing which one undergoes after the cold bath undoubtedly assists in the removal of the dried secretions from the skin, but there is still need of some substance which will so modify the greasy coating as to render it capable of being washed off. Such an agent we possess in soap, which is essentially a combination of an alkali (soda or potash) and a fat or oil. There is always some free alkali in soap, and this, when rubbed with water on the body, unites with the oily material of the skin and renders it soluble. Soaps made with potash (soft or black soaps) contain too much alkali, so that when they are used to wash the skin the natural oil is so effectually removed as to leave the skin dry and harsh and altogether "too tight," as commonly expressed, for its owner.

The Hammerhead Shark.

One of the strangest sharks, and, indeed, one of the oddest looking creatures in the world, is the hammerhead—an excellent name, for its head is cylindrical, with a width two or three times as great as the length. The eyes are set at the outer angles of the head and can thus look up and down at will. There are three rows of triangular white teeth in each jaw. This voracious fish reaches a length of fifteen feet, and, though there is little danger of its attacking a living swimmer, it will at least devour a dead body. One, eleven feet long, which was killed at Sag Harbor, had eaten portions of a man and his clothing. Small hammerheads have been caught in New York bay, and several four foot specimens in Hell Gate.—New York Post.

THE CYCLONE.

How This Wonderful and Destructive Air Fury Is Formed.

To get an idea of a cyclone's formation imagine a large circular pan or tub with quite a large hole in the middle of the bottom. With this hole plugged, fill the vessel with water, then draw out the plug and watch. There is first a rush of water from all directions toward the hole and a turbulent effort to get through; then the water surface above begins to sink and swirl, the particles gradually circling around and around and rushing, ever faster, toward the center. At last there is actually a hollow space through the center, around which all the water in the tub is whirling sluggishly near the rim, but with more and more violent rapidity toward the middle until it rushes downward through the bottom. Now, if that water were air you would be watching a little cyclone turned upside down, for the air rushes upward instead of downward.

In the cradle of cyclones during the summer months, when the land and the water grow hotter and hotter because of the longer days than nights, a layer of air, hot, light and full of vapor, is for a time held down by denser air above it. Restless, expanding, tumultuous, it moves about like a beast at bay until a thinner place in the air above is found; then up it madly rushes, and into the vacuum left behind the lower atmosphere hastens from all directions, pushing and twisting and pouring upward until it has fallen into a regular spinning around a common center.

The cyclone, once formed, rushes away from the tropics toward the pole and begins its career of destruction, bruising, wrecking and sinking the luckless ships which happen to be in its path. More and more of the surrounding atmosphere is drawn into the whirl until the storm often covers an area nearly 1,000 miles in diameter. Sometimes it flings itself upon our Atlantic coast and tears fiercely through forests, fields and cities. Then, again, it sweeps away across the broad ocean and dashes itself upon the coasts of Europe. Once in awhile it so adroitly avoids the land that we never know it has passed until ships come in torn and broken.—St. Nicholas.

HIS ODD AD.

The Collar That Gave Plumley a Second Start In Business.

"Nothing succeeds like perseverance," said Mark Twain at a dinner. "When the luck seems most against us, then we should work and hope hardest of all. In moments of discouragement let us remember my old friend Henry Plumley of Virginia City.

"Henry Plumley ran a collar factory. Times were reported to be hard with him. When his factory, which was very heavily insured, burned down, there was every indication that he had set the place on fire himself. In [illegible] Judge Lynch was the seat of honor in those days. Shocked beyond words, it rose en masse, seized Henry Plumley, put a halter round his neck and lynched him.

"But he did not die. The sheriff arrived and cut him down in time. He was tried and found guilty, and he served a term in jail.

"On his release you wouldn't have thought that he'd return to Virginia City again, eh? He did, though. He came back, reopened his collar factory and prospered.

"What gave him his start was the odd advertisement with which he announced his return to business among us. Preceded by a brass band, Henry, in a great gilt chariot, burst upon our streets. He sat on a kind of golden throne, and he held on a crimson cushion in his lap an old, old collar. Above the collar on a crimson banner waved this inscription in huge letters of gold:

"'This is the collar we wore when we were lynched. It saved our life. Be wise in time and use no other. At all retailers, 10 cents apiece, three for a quarter.'"—Indianapolis Star.

Old Glory Humiliated.

One instance is known in which Old Glory's shame is the crown of a family's prestige. At the battle of Bladensburg the American troops were defeated by the British under the command of an Irish officer named Ross. In recognition of his services in winning this victory his sovereign granted him the title of Ross of Bladensburg, and to his crest was added an American flag, reversed, with the shaft broken. The title is hereditary. In our generation the possessor is a colonel of the Irish fusileers. And this Ross of Bladensburg uses as his crest today our stars and stripes turned upside down and with the shaft broken in two.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Metallic Metaphors.

"It is most amazing," said a metallurgist, "how the world relies on metals for its metaphors and similes. Thus, an orator is silver tongued or golden mouthed. An explorer is bronzed by African suns. A resolute chap has an iron will. A sluggard moves with leaden feet. An ostrich has a copper lined stomach. A millionaire has tin. A swindler is as slippery as quicksilver. A borrower has brass."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Same or Another?

"And you saw Muriel?"

"I did."

"Tell me, is she married?"

"Yes."

"One question more. Again or yet?"—Washington Herald.

If you step into a well, Providence is not bound to help you out.—German Proverb.

Pineules for the kidneys strengthen these organs and assist in drawing poison from the blood. Try them for rheumatism, kidney, bladder trouble, for lumbago and tired worn out feeling. They bring quick relief. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles and its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickle capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

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CHESS CLOCKS.

There Are Specially Constructed Ones Used in the Game.

Hourglasses, or sandglasses, were formerly used for the purpose of measuring time at chess matches, but now specially constructed clocks are in general use for this purpose. These clocks consist of two clocks mounted on a common base, which moves on a pivot, the two clocks therefore being on the arms of a sort of seesaw. The beam, or base, is so constructed that when one clock is elevated it stands perfectly perpendicular, while the depressed clock lies over at an angle, but as the mechanism of each clock is so constructed that it only moves when the clock is perfectly perpendicular it follows that when the upright clock is going the depressed clock is at rest.

Another and more modern variety has the two clocks fixed on the same level, but with a small brass arm reaching from the top of one to the top of the other. This arm sets on a pivot and can be brought down into actual contact with one clock at a time by a touch of the finger. When it is thus in contact by an ingenious device the clock is stopped and the desired result is attained. The working of the clock during a match is simplicity itself. At the commencement of the match the hands of each clock point to 12. Then at the call of "time to commence play" the clock of the first player is started; then as soon as he makes his first move he stops his own clock either by depressing it or by touching the arm referred to, the same motion starting his opponent's clock. So it goes on during the entire course of the game, each move being marked by the stopping of one clock and the starting of the other.

COUNTERFEIT BILLS.

The Check Letter Test on United States Currency.

The United States government prints its currency and numbers its bills in a series of four, so that every piece of paper money turned out bears one of the check letters—A, B, C, D. One of these letters is always found in two places on a United States bill, in the upper left hand corner and in the lower right hand corner. The placing of the letter on the bill is not determined by the number of the bill. The rule is to divide the last two figures on the note by four. Should the remainder be one, the check letter must be A; should it be two, the check letter is B; three, the check letter is C, and nothing, the letter D.

For example, I have before me a five dollar certificate. Its number is 81180730. The terminal number is 30. Divide by four. The result is seven with two over. The check letter is B.

Here is a yellow back gold certificate with twenty-three as its terminal number. Divide this by four, and we have five with three over. C is the check letter.

Should this rule of four fail to work on any United States currency note you may bet all you have that the money is bad. Some counterfeited bills are right to their check letters, but a great many are not so. If the rule of four works the bill may be still bad; but if it doesn't it is surely bad. This rule applies only to United States currency and not to national bank notes. —Minneapolis Journal.

Spain's Buried Wealth.

The Carthaginians and the Tyrians regarded Spain as El Dorado. It is but a poor country today, but potential wealth lies in its rock bound hills, just as in the days of the ancients. When those acquisitive mariners, the Phoenicians, first set foot in the country they exchanged their commodities, says Aristotle, "for such immense quantities of silver that their ships could neither contain nor sustain the load, though they used it for ballast and made their anchors and other implements of silver." So rich in silver was the country then that the people are said to have made their commonest domestic utensils of the metal and even their mangers. The Romans found that their greedy forerunners had sadly diminished the precious store, yet enough was left to satisfy not a few proconsuls.

The Truthful Woman.

It is no exaggeration to say that a more or less truthful woman is looked upon with grave suspicion. What is more, nobody believes her. If she quite truthfully pronounces her age to be twenty-nine everybody at once says then she must be at least thirty-five, while if she should ever be cajoled into admitting the number of proposals she had in her youth it will only confirm the popular impression that she had been very lucky to catch a husband at all.—London Ladies' Field.

Force of Habit.

Redd—I see that man Finn has got an automobile.

Greene—And it was quite amusing to see him the first week he had it.

"How so?"

"Why, every time he'd blow his horn he'd stop and look around. He used to peddle fish, you know!"—Yonkers Statesman.

In Automobiledom.

Scientist—Light travels at the rate of about 187,000 miles a second. Chauffeur—Gee, that's goin' some! Auto Enthusiast (slightly deaf)—Pardon me, sir. But what make machine was it you just mentioned?—Bohemian.

Her Cleverness.

She—Mary Graham is certainly a very clever woman, yet she has little to say. He—That's where her cleverness comes in. She leads a man to believe that she thinks he is worth listening to.—Pick-Me-Up.

Headache and constipation disappear when Dades Little Liver Pills are used. They keep the system clean, the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

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BUYING OLD FIDDLES.

Many Fine Instruments Have Been Picked Up Cheap.

Great numbers of fine old violins and violoncellos that come into the high class market of London are procured through the medium of advertisements inserted in obscure country papers and especially those of ancient cathedral cities.

Of course few of the fiddles thus obtained are veritable masterpieces, but a great many of them are fine examples of early English and foreign makers, and they are often bought for ridiculously small prices by a group of experts, who have brought the business to a lucrative system. Many a struggling family of long descent, in some out of the way part of the country, happens to see in the one county newspaper of the week that good prices are given for old fiddles, and some long forgotten instrument in a lumber room or put away on a shelf suddenly comes to mind.

Correspondence follows. The dealer sends a deposit in order that some fiddle spoken of may be sent to him and examined, and he usually replies that the instrument sent is dilapidated and but so-so generally, but that he is willing to give 30 shillings or £2 for it. In a great many cases the offer is accepted offhand, and in this way most of the finest fiddles extant of the second class come into the hands of dealers. Only lately a 'cello that came from a Shropshire farm at the price of £2 sold the same day to a west end dealer for nearly £100.

One of the most shrewd and respected of all these dealers was until a year or two ago a humble member of the orchestra of a London suburban theater. He began to advertise in remote papers to the greatest limits of his scanty wages and is now one of the most extensive and prosperous dealers in the trade.—London Tit-Bits.

When to Take Off the Sinker.

For angling in quiet, deep running water more sinkers should be placed on the leader to keep it down from the surface, but if angling in a quick running brook or river for chub, dace or brook trout the float and sinkers should be removed and the bait allowed to run in front of the angler wherever it wills on the surface by the action of the current, which takes it naturally just as nature does their general food.—Louis Rhead in Outing Magazine.

A Long Tumble Needed.

"They say that when a man is falling from a height he thinks of all his evil deeds."

"I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

"Some men would have to fall out of a balloon to get 'em all in."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Free for Catarrh, just to prove merit, a trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

A SILLY TRAGEDY.

The Duel Between Tom Porter and Sir Henry Bellasis.

Some of the royalists who were forced to endure the English commonwealth seemed to console themselves for the dullness of life under a Puritan government by fighting as many duels as they could compass, so that ignoble squabbles and foolish plots make up the history of their days.

Tom Porter was of a family which had zealously served the king. Under the new government his occupation was gone, and he descended to a triviality of life which finally involved him in a most pathetic event. This was a duel which he fought with his friend, Sir Henry Bellasis, and which, says Pepys in his "Deary," is worth remembering for "the silliness of the quarrel. * * * a kind of emblem of the general complexion of the whole kingdom."

But, silly as the quarrel undoubtedly was, it carried in it an element of heartbreak.

The two young men involved were intimate friends and companions, but one day, "being merry in company," Tom Porter said he should like to see the man in England who would dare give him a blow. With that Sir Henry Bellasis struck him a box on the ear. The inevitable duel followed, wherein each was wounded. Sir Henry proved to be seriously hurt, so he called Porter, kissed and bade him fly.

"For," said he, "Tom, thou hast hurt me, but I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayest withdraw, for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done."

Porter profited by his friend's generosity and escaped to France. Sir Henry died a few days later, and Pepys concludes, "It is pretty to see how the world do talk of them as a couple of fools that killed one another out of love."

Spying on Bargain Gifts.

The engaged girl was found studying life in an auction room.

"I don't expect to buy anything," she said, "but I want to see if anybody I know buys anything. A lot of auctioneers are advertising that they have on hand bric-a-brac and pictures and odds and ends of furniture suitable for wedding presents. That set me to wondering if any of my friends would try to avail themselves of these auction room bargains when buying presents for me. I saw two girls here this afternoon who have been invited to my wedding. One bought some kind of a brass bowl, another a vase. They got the things dirt cheap. I fancy they are for me. If they are—well, just wait till those girls get married!"—New York Press.

If you suffer from bloating, belching, sour stomach, indigestion or Dyspepsia, take a Rings Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, and overcome the disagreeable trouble. It will improve the appetite, and aid digestion. Sold by Dr. Chadwick; Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cuts, burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized. Acts like a poultice and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Toady Mat[illegible]

"Ever, [illegible] number of [illegible] 11,[illegible] fertility [illegible] develop [illegible] less than one in a thousand. [illegible] after the eggs are laid the young tadpoles begin to appear, and feed first on their gelatinous envelope. Next the slimy deposits common to ponds and swamps are attacked. Steadily grow the young wrigglers until their bodies enlarge to the size of thumb nails by the end of June. The long tail now is absorbed and the legs develop. They begin to hop on the bank and disperse, never to return save in the breeding season. It is at the spring of the year that the toads awake from their winter sleep below the rocks and scrub. They often have been literally frozen stiff, but they return to life as healthy as ever and on the first balmy night migrate toward the nearest breeding pond. Usually this is the old homestead where they were born, for the toad is a domestic animal and will travel a mile or more for the sake of returning to the place of its hatching. —Chicago Tribune.

I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my book on either Dyspepsia, the Heart or the Kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment and not the cause. Weak stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean stomach weakness, always. And the Heart and the kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoops Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy ever claims to treat the "inside nerves". Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr Shoop's Restorative. Write to-day for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop's Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all dealers.

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Bulletin

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

"The water is fine; come in!"

This is the call of the sea, the generous invitation of Old Neptune to partake of the delights of his realm, and it comes clear and distinct from each of the points in the greatest chain of seashore resorts in the world—the wave-washed New Jersey coast.

Gay Atlantic City, witching Wildwood, New Cape May in the first flush of its rejuvenation, Sea Isle City, Ocean City, with their smaller sister-resorts nearby, Asbury Park and Long Branch where sylvan shades meet incoming billows—each echo the call to young and old: "Come one, come all!"

Unequalled opportunities are offered to pay a visit to the Southern New Jersey sea coast resorts in the great seashore excursions of the Pennsylvania Railroad now being run at frequent intervals.

From Buffalo, Rochester, Erie, Titusville, Kane, Renova, Canandiagua, Elmira, and other stations in Northwestern Pennsylvania and Western New York the remaining dates are August 16 and 26.

Tickets are sold to Atlantic City, Cape May, Wildwood, Sea Isle City and Ocean City at VERY LOW RATES. These tickets are good for return passage within fifteen days, including date of excursion, and are good to stop off at Philadelphia on the return trip within the limit.

Full details of these fine outings beside the sea may be obtained of Ticket Agents.

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